ONCE A WEEK
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

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(See page 10.)

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Have we not many more reasons than usual for gratitude and happiness at this Thanksgiving season?

* * *

Prosperity is coming to revisit the fair land once more. The gloomy period of uncertainty and hesitation seems, at least for the present, at an end. Capital is regaining confidence, and will soon send its revivifying currents through industrial enterprises everywhere. The workman may now repair the losses which the whims of the "tariff reformers" have cost him.

* * *

Millions of earnest toilers, who have latterly seen their hoards in the savings banks diminishing, feel that their troubles are practically over. Pauper competition may afflict them for a season, but there will hardly be any more reforms which imply the lowering of wages and the reduction of American workmen from their high estate to the servile condition of so many classes of workers in Europe. Then all hail Thanksgiving, and let the turkey be eaten and the good old festal day be celebrated with enthusiastic jubilation!

* * *

Thanksgiving Day is the "feast of ingathering" toward the close of the year. It was originally suggested by the gracious and patriarchal "Feast of Tabernacles," celebrated by Hebrews everywhere, and essentially a harvest feast or festival of thanks. Commemorating God's protecting care over his people while they were in the wilderness, it has appealed with peculiar force, through the long centuries, to the wandering, exiled or oppressed children of Israel. And here in New York, as elsewhere, the Hebrews still, at harvest time, wave toward the four quarters of the world the leafy branches, and dwell in the wooden booths and sing "Hosanna!"

* * *

Even the poor struggling cloakmaker, cast half naked into the turbulent struggle of American life—driven from his old home by Russian persecution—erects his humble "Tabernacle" on the flat roof of the East Side tenement-house, and piously utters his humble Thanksgiving, although until he has successfully rebelled against those of his own race who are trying, here in free America, to make a slave of him, he really has not too much to be thankful for.

* * *

The mass of American workmen came up out of the "wilderness" at the last elections, and they are not likely to wander in the waste places again very soon.

* * *

But eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and the workingmen must continue to organize for the maintenance of their regained prosperity. A firm mutual support is not only the best thing for the laboring millions, but it will finally overcome the opposition of Capital to demands which are just. Capital has learned a lesson from the events of the last two years. The opposition of the New York Central magnates, of Carnegie, Whitelaw Reid and other Republicans to the Labor Unions moved the masses to elect the Democratic party in hope of securing a more ample recognition.

* * *

Yet note what happened, simply because the Democrats had gone daft over Tariff Reform. In 1892—year of nominal prosperity, and a prosperity entirely unapproachable by any other nation—there were thirteen millions of families in this country earning an average of twenty-five dollars per week. When the agitation for lowering the tariff almost to the free trade level began—when interest after interest, which had been established and sustained in this new country solely by the aid of intelligent protection against destructive foreign competition, was attacked—the heads of these thirteen million families began to fear that they had made a mistake. And when they saw tens of thousands of their comrades out of work, and experienced the keen anguish of a thirty per cent cut in their own wages, they were certain of their error.

* * *

Protection and wages on a high level mean a long succession of Thanksgiving reunions around the table loaded with fat turkeys and mince pies. Tariff reform and pauper wages mean no turkey and no Thanksgiving, because there will be so little to be thankful for.

* * *

I suppose that our Pilgrim fathers had in remembrance the festivals of Thanksgiving so often celebrated in Holland when they established the first one in the Mayflower colony. They were rather more disposed to fast days than feast days; but they had so many of the former during the rough work of colonization that they were at last very glad to let in a festival or two. On one occasion, when a timely arrival of supplies from Ireland kept the small colony from starvation, a fast day was changed into a Thanksgiving, full of merriment and lusty cheer.

* * *

The Puritans knew how to revel when it seemed meet to do so; and they drank good strong liquor out of the huge flagons then in vogue.

* * *

It was natural that Thanksgiving should be a national institution during the Revolution. But for many years after the beginning of the century the official recommendation of the festivals was mainly confined to New England. Since the Civil War Thanksgiving has spread throughout the land, and from Alaska to the Keys of Florida the November reunion is looked forward to with longing.

* * *

Now that the exhibition of portraits of leading American ladies, at the National Academy of Design, has been such a brilliant success, why cannot the ladies organize a show of the portraits of prominent and distinguished American men? It would certainly be the talk of the town. Let us see how the masters of the brush have interpreted the faces of those who have won the high places among us.

* * *

Very ingenious and daring is that Danish gentleman, Anderson by name, who has invented a machine specially for discovering the North Pole. This wonderful triumph of invention is said to sail the ocean, gallop at the rate of twenty miles an hour overland, to climb icebergs, and to possess a jointed backbone. It is made of aluminum and is calculated to make the frost demons, who have so long baffled the most patient and daring explorers, look very much scared.

* * *

A citizen of Springfield, Mass., went over to the majority the other day, and there were so many floral offerings at the funeral that the lettering of the wreath given by the mourning children suffered a mishap, and the first letter of the word "Papa" was obliterated. "Well," said a neighbor, on his way home from the services, "I had known John for a long time, but never suspected before that he was an 'A. P. A.'"

* * *

I wonder if New Yorkers realize how immensely this city would profit by the completion of a canal across the Isthmus—or one uniting the Atlantic and Pacific by any practicable route. Such a canal would give this city the trade in Chinese goods for one-half the continent. At present Chicago is profiting largely by a trade which we might easily control.

* * *

The people of the Pacific Coast are intensely interested in the present struggle between China and Japan. Any new disposition of territory, any international interference calculated to check the growing volume of trade with the Orient would cause grave murmurs of discontent at San Francisco and Tacoma, Portland and Seattle. The swarming millions of the "far East," if left in peace, will solve the wheat problem for the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Miss Frances Willard's suggestion that every city police force should have a certain number of matronly women upon it, as a sure method of minimizing the degradation of the night side of life in cities, is worth considering. The bonnet of the police matron might prove more terrible than the club of the policeman in many cases.

It seems rather strange that a lock of Napoleon's hair should have brought but thirty dollars at the sale of Napoleonic relics in this city, while a candelabra of the First Empire sold for five hundred and seventy dollars. Probably the authenticity of the candelabra was a little better guaranteed than that of the lock of hair.

* * *

Admiral Walker reports that Hawaiian citizens of the better class are unanimous for annexation. Now, Uncle Samuel, don't refuse the "pearl of the Pacific."

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt has been decorated by the French Government with the rosette of the Legion of Honor—a high compliment rarely bestowed on woman. It is in recognition of her recent labors for the elevation of the French stage.

* * *

When Dr. Depew entertained, at the Union League Club in this city the other evening, the Bowery Captains who had aided the Republicans in the late city campaign, he brought out a coruscating collection of his most mirth-provoking stories. The display of intellectual fireworks on his side was great, but it was nothing to that of the Bowery boys, whose spicy vernacular lent a charm lacking to Chauncey's recitals.

* * *

Francis Magnard, editor of the *Figaro* of Paris, who died a few days ago, was an able and distinguished journalist. He wrote one editorial daily—never more than thirty lines in length—and by means of it frequently accomplished great changes in public opinion. He was not so witty as De Villemessant, the founder of the celebrated journal, but he was a better editor, and accomplished the difficult feat of making the *Figaro* at once a high-class literary publication and an excellent local newspaper.

* * *

The reopening of the Opera season in this city on Monday evening, November 19, was attended by a dazzling display of beauty and fashion. The experiment of the millionaires in re-establishing the Opera in as good and efficient style as that in any European capital is a triumphant success. Let me suggest that they now build and endow an Opera House which shall rival those of Europe in beauty and stateliness, and with it let them associate a "Conservatory of Music and Declamation." They can do it without feeling any strain. And how grateful the huge music-loving population of New York would be.

* * *

The building of the Nicaragua Canal is a work of vital importance to the United States, and the patriotic citizens who are raising the capital for the enterprise which Uncle Sam has neglected, and who stand ready to turn the canal over to him at any time, deserve the highest credit.

* * *

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose, long known in the racing world as "Mr. Manton," has at last gone below the turf after a lifetime of betting on horse races upon it. The "Red Duchess," as she was called, knew how to recruit her own stables by judicious purchases, and she was a familiar figure at horse sales in and about London. At seventy-six she dressed like a girl of seventeen, and could swear like a trooper at any stableman who neglected his work.

* * *

The audacious tramp who invaded the domicile of Mrs. William Astor, and calmly retired to rest in one of the luxurious bedrooms of that palatial mansion, had perhaps persuaded himself, under the influence of numerous potations, that the period of the "great division" had arrived. The only moral attached to this picturesque escapade of the metropolitan Weary Wilkins would seem to be that millionaires, like other people, must keep their street doors locked if they would exclude unwelcome visitors.

* * *

Is our Navy a delusion and a dream? It would grieve us beyond measure if it were so. Rear-Admiral Meade has recently told the Society of Naval Architects and Engineers why he considers most of our new cruisers as "practically useless." He thinks that vessels like the Majestic and Teutonic, for instance, may laugh at our three-screw racers, which cannot cross the ocean at the same speed as those commercial greyhounds. Either the Paris or the New York, he says, could outstrip or out-fight the cruisers.

* * *

The moral of the gallant salt's criticism is that we should stop building cruisers, and go in for coast defense battleships, harbor defense armorclads, rams, and torpedo vessels. Doubtless when we have secured all these indispensable accessories of a fine navy, a new critic will arise to say that they do not amount to much. But we must none the less go on bravely building, and profiting by criticism.

* * *

Great Britain has admirals and ex-naval constructors who boldly announce that England's new navy is good for nothing. But Britannia continues to rule the waves and will, until we get ready to divide the contract with her.

The story of the experiments of Dr. D'Arsonval, who claims to have resuscitated several men struck apparently dead by electricity, has revived the interest in the projected attempt in this State to revive electrocuted criminals. D'Arsonval thinks the electric shock simply causes respiration to cease, and that, taken in time, and persevered with, the breathing can be restored. The process employed for this is very simple. The tongue of the subject is pulled violently out of the mouth to a length of three or four inches, repeatedly—sometimes for many hours. The doctor claims that thus the electrocuted murderer can be made to breathe again—which will strike most persons as a useless exercise of power.

* * *

Of course the success of such an experiment would raise a formidable opposition to the law authorizing executions by electricity in this State. We should hear that the knife of the physician at the autopsy did the work which the law's instrument fails to accomplish, etc. Hundreds of reams of paper would be covered with expressions of sympathy for the poor murderers, and the brutal checking of their respiration by the "wicked law." But no sympathy would be expressed for the victims barbarously put to death by the assassins and murdering fiends.

* * *

The application of the D'Arsonval method is said to have resuscitated a workman who received a current of forty-six hundred volts while employed in the testing room of an electrical manufacturing company in Massachusetts. The workman states that he was unconscious, or "dead," as he calls it, for seven minutes. Evidently it was well to try and save him. But is there any similarity between the conditions in this case and the cases of criminals legally executed—where the current is kept on for a long time? A State witness of the electrocutions at Sing Sing writes that the post-mortem following the last legal execution there showed that all the arteries of the brain were apparently ruptured, the heart was entirely empty and the lungs nearly or quite so. "Under such circumstances life must be absolutely non-existent a moment after the first shock." And he believes the same conditions prevail in each and every case of death in the electric chair.

* * *

The invention of a refrigerator car in which carbonic acid gas is to be used to preserve fresh fruit is likely to revolutionize the California fruit shipping industry. Fruit sent from San Francisco to New Orleans in one of these cars came out in good condition, after two weeks on the road.

* * *

I see that the ladies have begun giving "Napoleonic teas." The charmers will look doubly charming in the Empire dresses. But are gentlemen who are invited expected to dress in white knee-breeches and the silk stockings of the "Little Corporal"?

* * *

Organized labor everywhere should earnestly support the cloakmakers of the East Side in this city in their valiant battle with the worse than Egyptian masters who are holding out against day wages. They hope that starvation will force the poor workmen and workwomen to unconditional surrender. But they are reckoning without their host. The cloakmakers are used to hunger, and they will not let it hinder them from insisting upon satisfaction for their righteous demands. Under the piece work system the manufacturers have been guilty of gross oppression. Only the day wage system will abolish the abuses.

* * *

Mr. Gladstone's ready forgiveness of the Duke of Westminster must make the latter rather ashamed of the time when, having quarreled with the Liberal leader about Home Rule, he sent the Grand Old Man's portrait, painted by Millais, to be sold at Christie's auction-room in London.

* * *

In order to feed, clothe and warm every man, woman and child in the United States, seven hundred and thirty million tons have to be transported every year. Excepting the Sundays, we have to transport two million tons every twenty-four hours.

* * *

At Bradford, in England, where the passage of the Wilson Bill was hailed with extravagant demonstrations of joy, the first effect has been a strengthening of prices. This will interest the American consumer, to whom cheap goods were promised as soon as duties were reduced.

* * *

Rugged old Rubinstein has passed away, and the world has lost a man of genius who was a consummate musical artist and a great composer. He wrote much music which will not live, but all his greater work is still fresh and vital, and reflects equal credit upon Rubinstein and Russia.

* * *

The composer's father was a Polish Jew and his mother was a German Jewess, but Anton Rubinstein was born in Russia and remained throughout his life essentially Russian in character. It was curious that the Russians were always calling him German in his tendencies, while the Germans considered him ultra-Russian. He was one of three score members of several branches of the Rubinstein family who were baptized to escape the persecutions of the Czar Nicholas I. Liszt predicted success for the marvelous child when he first heard him play on the piano; and for many years Rubinstein worshiped Liszt as his master and model.

* * *

In the early part of his career he suffered much from neglect, and had severe struggles. But after 1854 his fame and fortune were secure. In 1862 he founded the National Conservatory in St. Petersburg, and while he was director, Tchaikovsky and Madame Essipoff were among his pupils. His concert tour in this country in 1872 with Wieniawski netted him forty thousand dollars. But he alluded to it as "slavery—under which there was no chance for art," and declined to come again. He made vast sums, and gave them away recklessly. In twenty-eight years he is said to have given a quarter of a million dollars to charities and musical institutions and struggling geniuses.

* * *

It is sad that the rise of Wagner should have meant the decline of Rubinstein. The Russian was ever a bitter critic of the German, and the rustling of the latter's laurels unquestionably annoyed him. Rubinstein's operas, "Nero," "The Macchabees," "The Demon," are growing a little in popularity of late. His great symphonies will make his fame secure.

* * *

Our Government is at last imitating the example of others in Europe which annually publish for gratuitous distribution treatises describing the mushrooms which are edible. The Department of Agriculture is issuing an illustrated list of many varieties of the fungi.

* * *

Beneath the stone pavement of the cathedral in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, Alexander III. was laid to rest on Monday, November 19, after a series of funeral ceremonials unequaled in this century. Hundreds of thousands of peasants participated in the many pageants, and manifested the most genuine loyalty for the new Czar.

* * *

Young Nicholas himself placed his father's Imperial mantle in his coffin, and the Grand Duke bore the dead giant to the tomb, and scattered the consecrated dust upon the bier. Russians now turn their faces away from this magnificent mourning to the future and to the young Emperor, the title by which he is universally known among his own people. He holds their destiny in the hollow of his hand and his responsibilities are great.

* * *

What will he do? Political skies are black above him, and he has many problems of gravest character presented to him with demands for instant solution. It looks as if it were true that England is cunningly demanding the privilege of becoming a partner in the Franco-Russian alliance, on the principle that she can gain more by quarreling with Germany than with the huge Russian bear. But the measure that Rosebery thinks wise Salisbury might regard as foolish. And with general elections in England not far off, the Czar and his Ministers will hesitate. This is not astonishing, for never was bear more puzzled for a choice between berries. Rosebery probably is the more tempting for the moment, and the ostentatious civilities shown to the Prince of Wales recently seem to confirm this belief.

* * *

But here is the troublous old—yet ever new—Eastern Question on the horizon again, with a mission apparently all cut out for "Holy Russia," and with infinite possibilities of international discord in its latest developments. The unspeakable, the hideous Turk has been at his old bad work of massacre in Armenia, and the blood of the thousands—think of it! thousands!—of poor women and children, as well as strong men, slain by the soldiery sent to terrorize the villagers who could not pay the abominable tax extortioners, cries to the Christian world for vengeance. Can Russia resist the frantic appeal of the poor oppressed people, a part of whose ancient territory she has absorbed into her vast Empire? Can she agree to work in harmony with Great Britain at the task of saving the Armenian Christians, and giving the Turk a merited chastisement? On the answers to these questions by the great nations depend peace or war.

* * *

Doubtless the story of the massacres has been exaggerated. But the authenticated facts are damning enough to warrant the immediate expulsion of the Turk from Constantinople, and putting him under heavy bonds to keep the peace in Asia. It is known that a Turkish marshal, with a detachment of Nizams and a field battery, massacred two thousand Armenians at Sassun. Such wholesale slaughter as this is of course intended to warn the nation not to conspire against the hated oppressors.

* * *

England has taken the field with a commission of inquiry which may pooh-pooh the whole thing two months hence, and allow the Turk to plan fresh villainies undisturbed. This time there does not appear to be a MacGahan to come forward with the testimony of an eye witness to confound the lukewarm official reporters. But the impetus has been given; the danger-ball has been set in motion. Sympathetic insurrections among Christian populations in the East are likely soon to begin, and the Orient will be aflame.

* * *

Meantime, will the "great powers" have decided with what sauce they will swallow Turkey and the gorgeous Orient in general, and at what period they will begin to banquet? When they start to quarrel over their prospective prey, Europe will tremble to the verge of war. Not all the protestations of the youthful Nicholas as to his love for peace can keep Russia's finger out of the pie.

* * *

The pained and deprecatory tone of Turkey's diplomatic representative at Washington, in alluding to the report of the massacres in Armenia, is according to all the traditions of Ottoman wriggling. This wise man says that the wicked Armenian conspirators who are plotting an insurrection drove away those of their brethren who are missing, and butchered the women to make a scandal. Thus, and with an unfavorable criticism by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin upon the methods of the Armenian revolutionists who have their headquarters in this country, would he dispose of the heartrending tale of the recent massacres. The Turk knows no change. His methods are to deny everything, and to rely upon delay for safety.

* * *

Kaiser Wilhelm feels a bit uneasy at the Rosebery policy with regard to Russia. It would be very inconvenient, not to speak of the danger, to be isolated just now, or left with only poor Austria to rely on. It is probable that if England became a partner with France and Russia, she would insist on bringing Italy into the combination. And the "Triple Alliance," latterly so much vaunted, would disappear like the "baseless fabric of a vision."

* * *

Hum! It looks black all around among the fighting nations, except for the plucky and pugnacious little Japs, who continue to pulverize Chinese armies according to the best Western tactics. And now they are talking about exacting an indemnity of one hundred and fifty million dollars from the Celestials! Not all the wisdom of Confucius can reconcile the almond-eyed children of the sky to this stupendous haul upon their ancient treasury.

* * *

The young Chinese Emperor seems half inclined to come out of his historic seclusion, and himself to urge his soldiers on to victory. Perhaps he will copy Kaiser Wilhelm's policy and try to arouse enthusiasm for the sacred Imperial person. "Your duty is taught you by my command," says Wilhelm to his troops. But Chinese soldiers seem of a very independent way of thinking.

* * *

The Prince of Wales took with him to Russia an immense quantity of uniforms, orders, swords, cocked hats, belts and boots, as, owing to the peculiarly varied nature of the ceremonials which he attended, he had to change uniforms and decorations two or three times daily. Dressing for parade is one of the most severe of Royal duties.

* * *

England has 20,325 miles of railroads, and the United States has 172,000. In the ratio of her population the United States has five times as much in actual mileage as England. But the English roads run three times as many trains as ours.

* * *

Of the five million children in the elementary schools in England nearly one-fifth pay for their tuition. The free school is not yet a fully established institution there.

* * *

Scotland is smiling because the merry old Duke of Argyll is about to marry for the third time, despite the fact that he is in his seventies.

* * *

On the day before the funeral of the late Czar, heralds in black velvet and white lace and Charles First hats, with long hair, rode through the streets on horses richly caparisoned and led by grooms in black cloaks with white fur collars, proclaiming the hour and character of the ceremonies.

* * *

The resignation of M. de Giers removes a remarkable man from Russian diplomacy. The last act of the Premier before resigning was to issue a circular letter saying that the new Czar will devote all his strength to the development of the internal welfare of Russia.

* * *

The Chinese caricatures of Li Hung Chang represen him as riding on the back of a tortoise. When Li see these, he reflects mournfully on the time when he will not have a single jacket left.

* * *

Italy is to abolish all metal ornaments on military uniforms, thus saving two hundred thousand dollars annually. She might cut down her army, and save millions. But she won't.

* * *

Mexico is evidently getting ready for a campaign against Guatemala. Is our southward neighbor feeling the longing for conquest?

THE NEW CZAR. THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE. GRAND DUKE GEORGE.

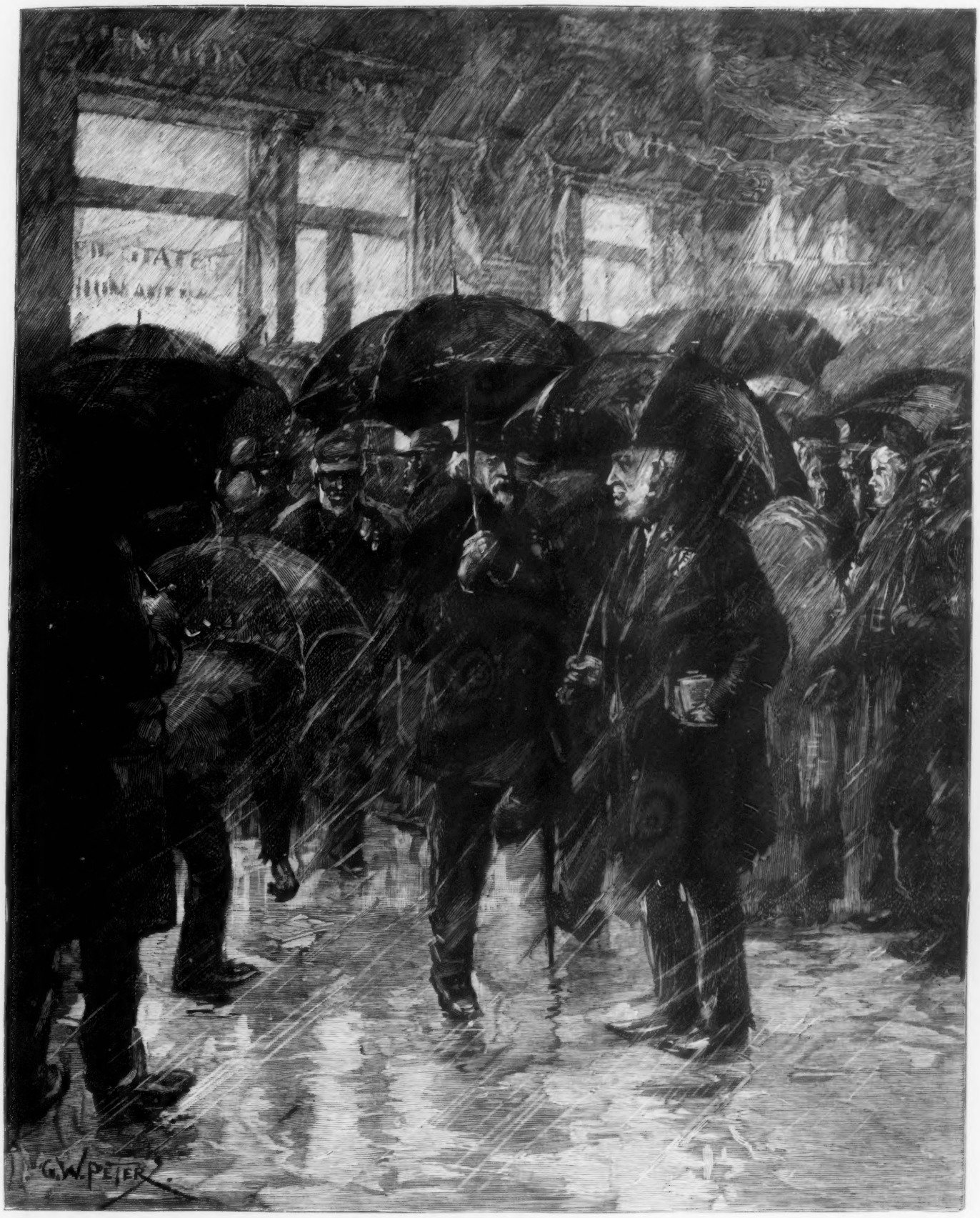
ST PETERSBURG IN FRONT OF THE ANITCHKOF PALACE

POSTING BULLETINS OF THE CZAR'S HEALTH ON THE WALLS OF THE DOUMA (HÔTEL DE VILLE)

PUBLIC PRAYERS IN FRONT OF THE CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT TROITZKO-SERGUIEVSKAIA.

DISTRIBUTION OF BULLETINS IN THE STREETS

RUSSIA IN MOURNING FOR THE LATE ALEXANDER III.



HOW WE TREAT OUR VETERANS.

PENSIONERS WAITING FIFTEEN HOURS IN THE RAIN FOR THEIR CHECKS.

NEVER in the history of the world has any Government been so generous as the United States in the payment of pensions. On account of services performed and disabilities received in the Civil War, which ended nearly thirty years ago, the United States paid pensions for the year which ended in June, 1894, amounting to the enormous sum of $140,-733,000. To disburse this much money without miscarriage and without friction requires great administrative care and watchfulness. Indeed the pension laws are so framed that neither disbursing officers nor the pensioners have much option in the method as to how this money shall be given and recevied. Each pensioner has a certificate which identifies him as a pensioner. This certificate is always cherished very carefully, for without it a pensioner would have as hard a time to get his money as a naturalized citizen would have in casting his vote without his naturalization papers. According to the law, a pensioner can exhibit his certificate to a notary public and fill up an affidavit which, if sent to the Pension Office, will assure that a check for the amount due will be returned by post in a day or so. This, indeed, is the way in which many more than half of the pensioners are paid; it is the way the law contemplated that all of them should be paid. But it does not work that way.

One provision of the law stipulates that the affidavit on which a pension payment is made shall not be executed until the fourth day after the beginning of the quarter. So in this quarter the pensioners had to wait till the 4th of November. That day happened to fall on Sunday, so nothing could be done till the 5th. But that makes no great difference; if it were the 1st or the 15th the pensioners, or a very great many of them, would be just as impatient to get their money. Some of them are dreadfully hard up, some of them are inordinately thirsty and some are a bit skeptical as to the solvency of the United States. Therefore, some twelve or fifteen hours before the Pension Offices open old men and old women begin to gather to fall in line and wait their turn for the checks on the Sub-Treasury. It not infrequently happens that the weather is bad on these pay days, and then these old people have a really serious time, for there is nothing for them to do but to stand patiently in the rain or snow. On the last pay day the pensioners were in force some five thousand strong when the New York City office, which is on Sixth Avenue, near Tenth Street, opened its doors for business. Indeed the crowd began gathering Sunday evening. Well, Monday morning the rain came down in torrents; but there they stood in the soaking rain all day long, and very many of them must have failed to get in before the office closed at night. It was a most pitiful sight to see these old men and women waiting in the rain, and the natural inference made by the casual passer-by was that this crush was due to some administrative stupidity. The inference is not fair, however, for the law contemplates that the pensioners should get their checks by mail, and the Pension Offices would much rather that they should be paid in this way. The difficulty is not with the law or with the pension officers, but with the pensioners themselves. Forty or fifty per cent of them insist on going in person to the Pension Offices and there filling out their affidavits. This is stupid in them, and a great waste of time and comfort; but arguments will not move them in the matter. The writer saw men in that

rainstorm so doubled up with rheumatism that they could not walk without assistance, and others on crutches from the loss of a leg, and at least two men with both legs gone. Now these men ought to have been at home on such a day, but there they were in the line, swearing at the weather, at the Government, at the Government officers, and laying by great stores of aches and pains for no other reason in the wide world than that they were stubbornly stupid.

So as to make things easier for the pensioners the last Congress passed a law that all postmasters must, without fee, take the acknowledgment of pensioners, so that the affidavits could be forwarded without expense. But this has appeared to make no difference. An old fellow, or an old woman for that matter, who once contracts the habit of going on the first day of the quarter for the pension check is as hopelessly given over to that habit as a dog is given over to sheep killing after once having partaken of mutton on the hoof. For some of these men and women this is a painful festival time, and the long wait is part of the fun. But the day the writer saw them they did not appear any of them to be having anything like a good time. Some of us, however, take all of our pleasures sadly.

On the rolls of the New York City Pension Office there are 54,000 names, and for the year that ended in June $7,330,000 had been paid out, or an average of $135 or so to each pensioner, or about $34 each quarter. Now $34 in a lump sum does not appear to be a great amount to well-to-do people, but to an ordinary wage-earner who never in the best of times makes more than nine dollars a week it is a very great amount. And to those who make nothing it is wealth indeed. But what is it to the jolly old boy whose thirst is perennial, but whose pocket is always empty save on these quarter days? None but a poet could do such a subject justice, and we will not pursue it. The philanthropists took hold of these careless fellows once, and made arrangements to cash their checks and then to see them to their homes. But the scheme would not work. Veterans of the greatest war in the history of the world would not submit to such parental surveillance. So now the barkeepers in the neighborhood of each Pension Office hang out signs: "Pension Checks Cashed Here." The barkeepers are up to a trick or two; they know that the checks are good, and they are very sure about the thirst.

A widow who receives a pension is scrutinized much more carefully than a man, for when she ceases to be a widow her pension end. It is therefore necessary for her to have two witnesses to swear to the fact that she is still a widow. The statistics of the Pension Bureau show that precious few of the widows on the rolls ever get married again. This, to be sure, is not because they are not desirable, but they know that husbands are most uncertain creatures, and that Uncle Sam is at once a generous and a safe paymaster. Some have been suspected of having unacknowledged husbands; but surely such suspicions do them grievous wrong and are entirely uncalled for.

THE PILOT SERVICE OF NEW YORK BAY.

THE English boast that the finest pilot service in the world is that at the mouth of the Hoagly for conducting ships to Calcutta. As regards appointments and the class from which the pilots are drawn this may be true. The vessels are large brigs, having separate and spacious quarters for each pilot, every one attended by his own servants. The pilots are Englishmen of family who, when young and inexperienced, go out to India for this especial service and are educated up to it as soon as they arrive there. So far the reputation of the Hoagly pilots is well founded. But there the comparison with the pilot service of several other important ports ends. The duties are light. The pilot vessels remain near the entrance to the channels, and the pilot has only to keep informed of the changes which may occur in the position of the buoys and range signals. But the dangers and hardships and competition incurred by the Hoagly pilots are not to be mentioned by the side of those which must be encountered by the New York pilots. Indeed, the latter have never been surpassed for the skill, enterprise and courage which they display. Of their famous schooners it may also be stated that, if less commodious than the Hoagly brigs, they are unrivaled for meeting the hazardous purposes for which they are designed. There is not a pilot service in the world that possesses such handsome, able and thoroughly efficient vessels as the pilot-boats that sail out of New York Bay. As a matter of fact, there are two pilot services in New York Bay, one acting under the laws of New Jersey, and numbering eight boats and fifty-six pilots, and the other registered under the laws of New York, and numbering twenty boats and limited to one hundred and thirty pilots. But as both have their offices in New York City, and the conditions regulating each are substantially the same, it is sufficient to speak of them here as one service.

Ship-owners, and especially steamship lines, are perpetually engaged in trying to abolish the laws which oblige them to take a pilot, or, if they refuse one, to pay pilot dues—laws which hold good against all outgoing and incoming vessels except coasters. But the capital involved in the pilot-boats, which are owned and run by the pilots, and the long and severe training required before a pilot can receive his license would make it impossible to maintain the service at the essential point of fitness unless protected by law against the whims of shipmasters, who might take a pilot at one time and refuse him at another, and thus make the service even more arduous and precarious than it is now.

The pilots are chiefly Yankees, and Irishmen, with a few Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans, all, as is evident, from races having a genius for the sea. Each pilot-boat is owned by a company of five to seven pilots. The boats are schooners of fifty to eighty tons, and while fleet and handsome, have considerable sheer forward and other points fitting them especially for this service. Besides the pilots, each boat carries a crew composed of four seamen, a cook, who is the most important person on board—generally a negro, a Laskar or a Portuguese—and the boatkeeper. The latter takes charge of the boat and carries her home after the last pilot has gone aboard a vessel. He is necessarily a skillful seaman, but one who has not yet acquired his license to act as pilot. No one can receive such license until he has served, as one of the conditions, as boatkeeper for five years continuously, and he cannot leave one boat for another without special permission of the Commissioners; nor can he be appointed boatkeeper before he has served as apprentice two years; nor again can he be apprentice unless he is eighteen years old and has received a common school education. After this long preliminary preparation is over the pilot cannot receive his license until a vacancy occurs and he is next in line, which is sometimes deferred for years, for only one pilot can be made from each boat in five years. After this long delay he receives a license to pilot only vessels drawing eighteen feet of water; on satisfactory evidence he may at the end of a year receive a full license. Thus a man may serve an experience of nine to twelve years before he is a full branch pilot of New York. Naturally men who have to qualify themselves through such a severe novitiate demand and should have full protection from the Government in following such a pursuit and embarking their small capital in expensive boats. It may be added here that in the appointment of apprentices natives of this country shall be preferred, and in any case at least half of them shall be born in the United States.

The boats take turn in lying four days at the station near Sandy Hook to pick up pilots who leave outward bound ships and return them to port. The boats are obliged to carry their number conspicuously on their sails and to exhibit a large blue flag from the masthead by day when a vessel is in sight. They also carry a lantern at the mainmast-head at night. It is hidden in a hood, but is drawn below the hood to show the light, if a vessel is discovered. In such a case also a flash torch, consisting of a wad of oakum dipped in turpentine, is waved on deck. Nothing can be wilder in effect, sometimes, than this vivid light blazing on a dark night and throwing the sails into strange relief against the gloom. A small cannon is also carried by the pilot-boat, to use in a fog as to warn off vessels which are recklessly bearing down and threatening to sink the gallant little schooner.

They are a brave, jolly class of men who man these stanch vessels, chatting pleasantly together when not on duty, and enjoying to the full the capital fare served by the cook. There are no French flourishes, no Delmonico dishes; instead, the fare is simple but wholesome, well cooked and abundant. On a pleasant evening, after reefing down for the night—for it is no use to crowd sail in the dark, one place being as good as another then—the pilots gather aft and smoke, and then adjourn below, smoke some more and spin yarns, or turn into their bunks. The crew forward listen to the accordion or the banjo, and joke as if life were one long holiday. While any pilots are on board, the one whose turn it is to take the next ship is in command. The instant he goes off, the next in turn takes command. His colleagues in the meantime have nothing to do but to eat and sleep, mend their clothes or read. Drinking is not indulged in by them at sea.

When a pilot boards a vessel he always puts on his Sunday suit. It is not always possible to ascertain, when a vessel is discovered, whether she has a pilot. Therefore, until she makes a signal to that effect it is presumed that she needs one, and the pilot who is to board her rushes below, puts on his "boiled shirt," dark clothes and Derby hat, and comes on deck with his gripsack, while the men prepare to put the yawl into the water. Great is the enthusiasm on all hands, while the probable draft of the vessel, and hence the fees she is likely to bring, are busily calculated. Suddenly, one who was looking at the approaching vessel through a glass, utters the melancholy words: "She is boarded," which means that she has a pilot. At once the interest falls flat as a drop in the Stock Exchange; and the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" suit is taken off and laid aside. I have known a pilot to go through this process five or six times before securing a ship.

It may be stated here that vessels drawing less than fourteen feet of water pay $2.78 per foot, between fourteen and eighteen feet, $3.38 per foot; between eighteen and twenty-one feet, $4.13; and upward of twenty-one feet, $4.88 per foot. Between November and April, inclusive, four dollars more are added to the full pilotage. The pilot who takes a vessel into port is entitled to take her out, or at least a member of his boat's company, and a vessel having no pilot, yet refusing to take one when spoken by a pilot-boat, must pay the full pilotage.

As steamers nowadays average a heavier draft than sailing vessels, the greatest eagerness is shown to hail one, and there are few scenes more exciting than when a number of pilot-boats happen to sight one at the same time. They crack on all sail and make for her at the top of her speed. In order to fall in with steamers, our New York pilot-boats often go hundreds of miles from Sandy Hook in mid-winter, boldly encountering the most frightful weather and boarding vessels at any hour of the day or night in their tiny yawls, often in a gale, and at the greatest risk of life. Many a time have I shrunk with dread on seeing the yawl rising like a feather on the crest of a huge wave and sinking out of sight in the hollow of the sea. Many a poor pilot has been lost in these perilous boardings.

I well remember a wild run we made to the Georges Banks, five hundred miles east of New York, in March. It blew a living gale of wind most of the time, with blinding snow-squalls and enormous gray seas. One night we never expected to see another dawn. We were hove to under trysail and reefed jib, or as one pilot phrased it, "under three-reefed mitten with the bonnet off the jib." Stanchions or posts were fixed under the beams to keep the ballast from shifting if she rolled over. No one slept a wink; but we sat up and spun yarns and smoked, expecting the final catastrophe any moment, while the cook served hot coffee at frequent intervals. Now and again a sea swept completely over the little schooner. But we lived through it, and the following morning met and boarded a Cunarder. The same pilot-boat had already been on her beam-ends in a storm and filled with water and been abandoned, and, strange to say, was picked up and towed into port. She was finally lost at sea.

One of the greatest dangers to which pilot-boats are exposed is being run down by passing vessels. Naturally their course is directly in the track of vessels, and often they have very narrow escapes, especially from tramp steamers and coasters, which often go without the side lights required by law, and keep a poor lookout, following a sort of happy-go-lucky plan of navigation. "Only one of those d—d pilot-boats," growls the skipper of a big four-masted schooner, as he goes below again after being waked from a sound slumber by a cry of alarm. "Only a bloody Yankee pilot scow!" mutters the captain of a London tramp steamer, as he just grazes a little pilot-boat whose services he may joyfully hail on some stormy night. Scarcely a season passes but one of our pilot-boats is injured or sunk by such reckless prowlers on the high seas. Then of course there is the deadly lee shore, from which even the largest sailing vessels cannot escape, and which cost the loss of two of the little pilot fleet last winter.

Perhaps the most common and the greatest peril which the New York pilot encounters is in boarding ships. The time and weather cannot be selected. Midnight's gloom and the mounting surge must not cause the stout heart of the pilot to hesitate. There is the vessel that needs him and that offers him his daily bread, and board her he must at all hazards, even if the pilot laws were not behind him to force him ahead as much as the general who orders his troops to storm a battery. One of the pilot's duties is also to aid vessels in distress, whatever the peril to himself.

One of the wildest experiences and escapes I have known in our pilot-boats happened on one biting cold and stormy night in January. It is the custom when boarding a vessel at night for the yawl to carry a lantern by which she can be perceived and picked up again by the pilot-boat which dodges about in the neighborhood. On this occasion, after the pilot had been put aboard his vessel and the yawl started to return to the schooner the lantern went out. All the pilots having gone, the pilot-boat was in charge of the boatkeeper, who in this case happened to be just out of his apprenticeship and was now in an office of command. The wildness of the weather and the peril of the men in the yawl, which it was difficult to see after the lantern went out, caused him to lose his head. After more than two hours of tossing on the dark waters, from which they never expected to escape, the two men in the yawl fortunately drifted near the schooner and were at last rescued, but in such a helpless, frozen state that they had to be lifted on board. One of our schooners lost both her yawls and five men on one Christmas night.

But there is also danger in boarding vessels in calm weather. A ship was discovered south of Fire Island and heading for New York, one calm afternoon. As the wind died away and there seemed no prospect of reaching her by sailing, the pilot started off to catch her in the yawl. It was a pull of four or five miles; that, however, is nothing in the pilot service if the wind does not rise or the vessel they are after does not treacherously give them the slip. But that was exactly what happened in this case. The shades of night were falling when a breeze sprung up while the chase was still a mile away. She must have seen the yawl coming, but entirely regardless of the toil taken by the three men it carried or the peril to which they might be exposed, she sailed away and left them alone on the wide, wide sea. Their own schooner was miles away from them, hidden in the impenetrable gloom of the approaching storm. They had no compass nor provisions and were helpless in the power of the rapid tempest which tossed the yawl like an eggshell and drove it swiftly toward the Long Island shore. All they could do was to guide the boat and calmly await their fate. Borne on the shoulders of the huge billows, the yawl was swept on the strand and the men found themselves struggling in the surf. One was drowned. The other two, by digging their hands in the sand and then running before the next roller caught them, succeeded in escaping the fate of their companion. Such incidents could be multiplied indefinitely. But enough has been said to give the reader an idea of the duties and perils of the service of the pilots of New York Bay. After the pilots have all left and the schooner is in charge of the boatkeeper, it is his business to get her back to New York with all possible speed; and then one may see one of the maddest races known in maritime life. Reefs are shaken out, the kites are set, and the little pilot-boat, buried under a smother of foam, tumbles for the home port as if all the witches of the sea were after her.—(See page 13.)

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE PILGRIM PUZZLE.

Statement.—No. 7 represents the object, *Gig*, in the picture, and below in the puzzle 7 means the first letter of this word, *g*; 7^1 is the next letter, *i*, and 7^2 would be *g*, if used, and so on. There are six numbered objects in the picture called by compound names; when their

letters are used in the order given, a quotation regarding the Pilgrims is formed. What are the words and the quotation?

The subscriber who sends the first correct solution of the above puzzle to this office on or after, but not before, December 15, will receive as a prize a plush photograph album on a stand.

TURKEY-TIME.

O it's coming as sure as the stars will come
To dimple with silver the dome of blue;
As sure as the frost will follow the dew,
And the softly silvern note of the thrush,
Tuned in the beechen underbrush,
Will fail at the beat of the partridge-drum;
It's coming as sure as old Touchstone Time
Will wear in winter a beard of rime;
For sign there's never a voice that sings,
Nor the rhythmic beat of winnowing wings,
But with hurry and halt and hop and hobble,
There's "*Gobble, gobble, a-gobble, gobble!*"

Dearer than Syrian nightingales
That fill the moonlit aisles of the night
With a mystical, musical mesh of delight;
Dearer than liquid lilt of the lark—
A soaring song at the death of the dark
In the Quaker quiet of English dales—
Is the happy, homely, wholesome sound,
For it takes the heart with a boy-like bound
And carries it back along the track
Of the years to the yard and the rick and the rack,
And the hungry flock with their hop and hobble,
And their "*Gobble, gobble, a-gobble, gobble!*"

Then it's turkey-time! O turkey-time!
Hark to the ring of the old refrain
That touches a joy akin to pain,
And opens a vista to long-ago
Across the reaches of shine and snow
As swift and sweet as a poet's rhyme!
Quaint and droll and queer, in truth,
But how it flashes us back to youth—
To the garden and vine-hid orchard wall,
And the haze of happiness over all!
With stately strut, or with hop and hobble,
It's "*Gobble, gobble, a-gobble, gobble!*"

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

"Johnson's Gal."
A Trooper's Thanksgiving Story.

THEY had pushed over the frontier line a year before—four families of them—and taken up claims and erected their shanties under the shadow of Custer's Peak, in the Black Hills. The rich soil of the prairie needed but to be scratched over and the corn and potatoes covered in to yield bountifully, and the Indians were apparently content on the reservation.

Within rifle-shot of each other were four shanties constructed of sod and stones and poles—Johnson's, White's, Baker's and Borrowman's. Four brave and hard-working women—ten children in the four families—eighteen souls in all. One summer's day, when Troops "B" and "C" were scouting after the trail of some young bucks who had broken away from the reservation, we turned a spur of the mountains and came suddenly upon the pioneers. It was a queer sight to see the smoke curling up from the rude chimneys—men and women at work in the fields—children playing about in that out-of-the-world spot. The nearest settlement was forty miles away. They were as much out of the world as if buried. Let a band of Indians grow dissatisfied and skulk away from the reservation, and they would head straight for the fastnesses of these grim hills. They would find this settlement in their path and wipe it off the face of the earth. They would kill, scalp, burn and destroy. They would leave the bodies of their victims to the wolves and the buzzards—the blackened débris of the shanties for the grass to conceal from sight.

We rode away and left them in their solitude, and as the weeks dragged away we forgot them. In October the young bucks of Black Eagle's band began to sulk and growl and show defiance. November brought heavy snow-falls and cold weather. The Indian agent reported a still more defiant spirit, and the Indian police said that some sort of movement was on foot. The four troops of cavalry had just got settled in winter quarters when there was a "break away." Red Fox and forty young men had secretly armed and equipped themselves and left the reservation for the war-path and a winter among the Black Hills. They had departed in the night and on foot, and a plain trail had been left in the snow. They had purposely left a plain trail. They defied the agent and felt contempt for the cavalry. The "horse-soldiers" had never taken the war-path or begun a pursuit with a foot of snow on the ground. On foot the Indian could pass through thickets—scale the hillside pass over the worst ground. If the cavalry took up the trail at all it would be dropped after one day's ride.

"Boots and saddles" within half an hour after the report reached camp. Fourteen inches of snow on the level, the thermometer below zero and a north wind which cut like a knife; but the Major was going to play a card to surprise the renegades. Almost instantly, as the news came to him, he had remembered the four isolated families under Custer's Peak. They would now be housed up, unsuspicious of danger, and a wipe-out was certain. He might not be able to head off the Indians and drive them back; he might not even be able to follow their trail for half a day; but he would save the pioneers if it were possible to do so.

Three days' rations for the troopers—three days' forage for the horses—and away we head for the Hills, leaving the snow-trail of the renegades on our left and following the needle of the compass to make a direct march. The Indians had departed at nine o'clock on the previous night, and thus had twelve hours the start. That meant a full twenty miles at least. The snow was deep, but our horses were in good condition. We could go faster than the Indians—we could gain a little. From the reservation to the settlement was fifty miles. We could not do it in one day, but neither could the Indians.

All day long we pushed ahead. At high-noon we halted to snatch a bite and feed the horses, but at the end of twenty minutes we were in the saddle again. Every trooper understood our mission—every man was anxious to diminish the distance. Where we struck the deep snow the horses floundered; where the winds had swept the plains clear for a space we galloped. Night came down, but we continued to push on till nine o'clock came and men and horses were exhausted. No camp-fires, for fear the sharp-eyed Indians would discover the pursuit. A feed for the tired horses—frozen rations for the disgusted troopers—a bed in the snow even for the Major.

Had we gained the extra distance on the Indians? We hoped so; we hoped we were ahead of them. We had made thirty-five miles of the fifty, and the worse of the journey was over. The other fifteen miles could be covered before ten o'clock in the morning.

That was a long, cold night for men and horses. Men dozed, but did not sleep; and as they dozed the frost nipped at fingers and toes, and no one escaped. Just after daylight, as the camp sentinels were called in, a dozen horses were stampeded by a big wolf which ran among them. A score of men mounted and followed, and they had such a race for it that it was high-noon before the last animal was brought in. The Major raved and stormed, and the waiting troopers cursed and growled, but it was decided not to make any forward movement until the whole force was up. There were fifty bucks in the gang, all armed with the finest Winchesters and revovlers, and the Major would need every man of his force to turn them back. As the sun climbed up in the cold gray heavens he gave up all hope of being in time. The only consolation he had was in hoping that the approach of the Indians would be discovered in time for the settlers to come together and stand them off for two or three hours.

At noon, when the last horse was under saddle, the order was given to march, and as the way was fairly clear of drifts the pace was a brisk one. Ten miles of the fifteen had been covered when the column was suddenly halted. Away off to the west, just coming into sight behind a pine-clad spur of a foot-hill, was a horse and rider showing black as midnight on the white snow. The Major raised his glasses, took a long look, and quietly said to the Captain at his side:

"It's a female on horseback! We'll move on to meet her."

Ten minutes later there was a meeting. Mounted on a big black horse, with only a rope about his neck, and her hair flying out behind as she rode, was a girl of fifteen. She had neither hat nor wrap, and the cold had reddened her face and hands till they seemed to have been washed with blood. Some of the troopers identified her before she came up. She was Johnson's oldest child. They had seen her at the house in the summer, and she had stood at the spring and handed up gourd after gourd of ice-cold water to the thirsty troopers.

"Well?" queried the Major as the big black horse came to a halt.

"Injuns!" briefly replied the girl.

"Who are you?"

"Johnson's gal."

"Have the Indians attacked?"

"Yes, two hours ago. Dad saw 'em in the pines and got the folks together in our house to stand 'em off."

"Anybody hurt?"

"White killed, and Mrs. Borrowman and one of the Baker boys wounded. Bullets go right through the shanty. Two bucks laid out, but there's a big gang of 'em."

"And where were you going?"

"For help."

"How did you know we were coming?"

"Dad said you'd know of the Injuns breakin' away and foller 'em."

"How did you get away?"

"Sneaked out of the back door while the Injuns was burnin' White's shanty. The hoss was runnin' loose and I caught him."

"And were you fired on?"

The girl held up her arm and pointed to a hole through the sleeve of her faded calico dress, and then to a bloody rake across the hip of the horse. A dozen overcoats were held out to her by the troopers, and one was passed forward and drawn on.

"How long do you think they can hold out?" asked the Major.

"Dunno; better hurry up!"

The Major explained that he wished to divide his force and attack the Indians from the flank and rear, thus cutting them off from the mountain, and she promptly replied:

"You kin do that at the spur. I kin show ye the way to git behind 'em—come on!"

At the spur, which was only three miles from the hamlet, the firing could be distinctly heard. Here the command divided, one troop entering the forest to the left, and the other riding to the right and getting the shelter of the trees along the creek which had its rise at the base of the mountain. "Johnson's gal" led the first party. Three-quarters of an hour later we who had followed up the creek were opposite the hamlet and had not been discovered. Our scouts crept through the fringe of trees and bushes, and reported only one building left. That was Johnson's shanty, and there was a circle of Indians about it who were keeping up a brisk fire. This fire was but feebly returned, either because most of the defenders were killed or had run short of ammunition. There were four dead and two wounded Indians behind a hay-stack, and those alive and unhurt were keeping close under cover.

We had twenty minutes to wait. The time was employed in looking to our horses and weapons, and when we got the signal from the party which had swept around to the rear we were ready to burst through the fringe with a yell. No band of Indians ever received a greater surprise, and no band could have rallied quicker. They turned on us the instant we broke cover, and we had five men killed before we saw an Indian fall. When the two troops came together the bucks had to give way. We routed them out from the cover of the hay-stacks, unearthed them from the snow-banks and fired down upon them as they crawled in the ditches. In the course of a quarter of an hour we had them out in the open, and fifteen minutes later the fight was over. There were eight dead and seven wounded soldiers, but there were twenty-seven dead Indians as an offset.

When we had won the fight the door of Johnson's shanty was thrown open and the people came out. Not all who had gone in there, however. Of the four men two were dead and the other two wounded. For the last half-hour before we got there the women had been using the rifles. Three children had been killed and two wounded, and only one of the four women had escaped unhurt. The shanty was so loosely constructed that the bullets entered it from all sides, and it was only a question of time when the last human being would have been searched out. Johnson had a bullet through his left cheek and another in his right shoulder, but he was the first to come out. We gathered around the shanty and spoke sorrowfully of the dead and sympathetically to the living, but it was ten minutes or more before any one spoke of "Johnson's gal." Then we looked about and began a search, and to our great sorrow we found her lying wounded and bloody in a snow-drift twenty rods away. She had been ordered to stay behind the troop when it charged, but her horse could not be held back and had carried her into the thickest of the fray. We laid her on a blanket and worked over her until consciousness returned, but we knew that death was near at hand.

"You see," explained the father between his sobs, "there were only four men of us, and one of the women or the gal must go fur help. The mother would hev gone, but the gal got away too quick."

"Did ye see me ketch the hoss, dad?" queried the girl as a smile crossed her face.

"Yes—we was all lookin'."

"And didn't I almost ride over some of the Injuns?"

"You did, gal; and you brung the soldiers and saved our lives."

"Say, dad," continued the girl, after the blood had been wiped off her lips, "I'm sorry I didn't git back sooner, but I did the best I could. Kiss me, dad—kiss me, ma'am—I did the best I could!"

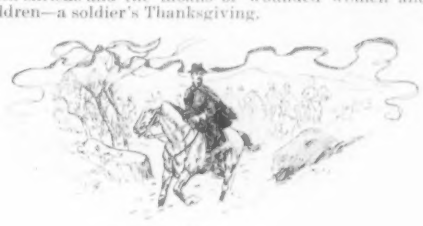
When the troopers heard that "Johnson's gal" was dead they raved and cursed, and it took a strong hand to hold them from a rush which meant death to every captive. We made camp there that night, and helped the living bury the dead and make themselves as comfortable as possible. We had our comrades to bury, and we buried them. There were dead Indians, but they were denied graves. The camp-fires had been lighted, the sentinels placed, and supper was being cooked when a trooper suddenly straightened up with his frying-pan in his hands and exclaimed:

"Blast my bones, but I'd clean forgot it!"

"What?" asked several voices in chorus.

"Why, it's Thanksgiving Day!"

So it was—a day of marching and fighting and grave-digging—a Thanksgiving echoing with war-whoops, death-shrieks and the moans of wounded women and children—a soldier's Thanksgiving.



SURE OUTING.

Hobson (wearily)—"Dobson, do you know where I can go for an outing for an afternoon?"

Dobson—"Yes. Take a run down to the races. A person can be more out down there than any place I know."

AT a confectioner's a customer complained of the freshness (which was doubtful) of some tarts.

"Sir," said the irate pastry-cook, "I made tarts before you were born."

"So it would seem," was the answer.

"MARY, what have you been doing to let a piece of meat like that be palmed off on you? It's full of bones."

"That's just what I said to the butcher. I told him that if it were for myself I wouldn't take it."

"IT is a splendid opening. You invest $100,000 and I will pay you fifty per cent of the profits."

"I would rather have twenty-five per cent of the losses."

Admirer—"Where did you get all this wonderful strength?"

Famous Strong Man—"I was a carver in a boarding-house for three years."

"I KNOW why bees never sit down," said Walter.

"Why, my dear?" asked his mother.

"'Cause they have pins in their coat-tails, and they's afraid to."

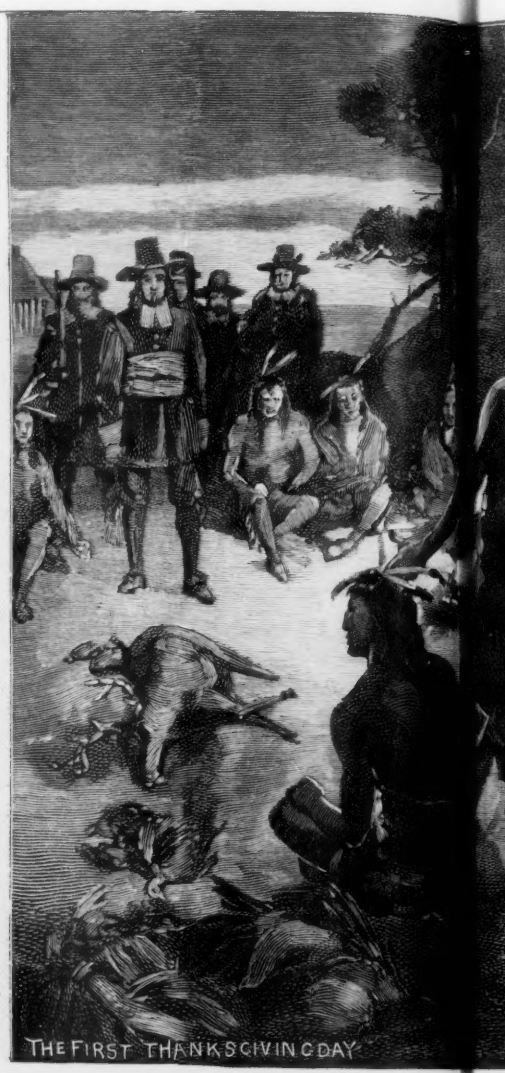
BETTER LUCK.

THE small boy who is steeped in sin,
Soon learns he catches more in school
Thanks to his little bended pin,
Than when he fishes in the pool.

For steady nerves and good sleep use
Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrine.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts a bottle.

THE MOTOR MAN'S THANKSGIVING



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

TIME'S TOO HARD HONEY
COON'L HAVE TO DO THIS YEAR

THANKSGIVING DA

RAGAMUFFINS
IN NEW YORK

NG DAY. PICTURES.

DR. JAMES M'COSH.

AMONG the unfading memories of the later generation of students at "old Princeton," the famous college in New Jersey, is the figure of the tall, athletic and aged philosopher, the venerable President McCosh, taking his daily way across the rich green campus of Nassau Hall, and receiving with kindly smiles the salutes of the "boys" for whose spiritual needs he had done so much.

It is not strange that Dr. James McCosh, who has just passed away, should have been beloved by the hundreds of students in whose souls he kindled the flame of philosophy. Not only was he the rebuilder and reorganizer of Princeton, the Alma Mater for which they had deep affection—the great philosopher who had contributed a hundred volumes, all thought-provoking and luminous and entertaining, to the literature of his native and his adopted countries—but he was essentially a lovable, genial, magnetic man.

As he walked among his pupils in the shaded alleys of the college grounds he showed that, all his life through, he had simultaneously cultivated body and mind. His wide shoulders had the stoop of the scholar; but there was no mistaking the sweep of the long, swinging stride, or the alert poise of the sinewy arms, or the sturdy way in which he raised his foot squarely and set it down again like one who joyed in walking.

Abstracted he might be: the clear keen black eyes might seem to be looking into vacancy, at times, when he passed them; but the "boys" knew that those eyes were contemplating the "eternal verities," and that he would bring back to them precious fruit from each of his excursions into the fields beyond.

A tender and gracious memory he will remain in the history of the noble institution which he elevated until it stood side by side with the greater universities, and in the hearts of all who knew the magic of his teaching. The bronze tablet by St. Gaudens, in the Marquand Chapel, containing a life-size bas relief of Dr. McCosh, represents him as he is present to the recollection of all who were under his charge. The fine, delicate, canny Scotch face, with its mingled reverence and humor; its wonderful piercing eyes; its broad forehead, framed in whitest of hair; the refinement and grace of the lips from which flowed golden phrases worthy of Aristotle or curt wit of Caledonian causticity; the clerical black clothes of simple cut; the smile which came like a sudden sunshine—these cannot be forgot, and will linger for generations in college traditions.

Dr. James McCosh was nearing three score when he came to America to begin what was destined to be the noblest part of his life work. There are few examples of such persistent energy and triumphant success in a difficult task in the late autumn of a laborious life. While he toiled for Princeton he was building his own best monument; and the words applied to Sir Christopher Wren might be echoed by the authorities of Princeton—"*Si quæris monumentum, circumspice.*"

The educator who has left such a marked impression upon the university methods of this country was born at Carskeoch, Ayrshire, Scotland, April 1, 1811. His father, Andrew McCosh, was a farmer of independent thought and practice. When little James was nine years old, his mother was left a widow with seven children, but she managed to spare her son for school.

At thirteen he was at Glasgow College; five years later at the University in Edinburgh, where under such eminent professors as Drs. Chalmers and Welsh he studied theology for five years. In 1834 he was licensed to preach the Gospel in connection with the Church of Scotland, and became a minister to the Abbey Chapel, Arbroath, on the east coast of Scotland.

Thence, at the end of four years, his abilities drew him to a prominent charge in the old cathedral city of Brechin, where he earnestly defended the cause of spiritual independence and non-intrusion in the Scotch Church. In 1843 he plunged into the Free Church, signing away his living, and worked hard establishing free church doctrines in a rural district for years.

Meantime he married a daughter of the eminent Dr. Alexander Guthrie, and, after his latest efforts in the Free Church were successful, he turned to the philosophical studies which had always possessed supreme interest for him.

In 1850 he published his "Method of Divine Government; Physical and Moral," which at once made him famous. The attention of the famous statesman, Earl Clarendon, was called to this book. The Earl was at that time Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he appointed the brilliant author professor of logic in the Queen's University at Belfast.

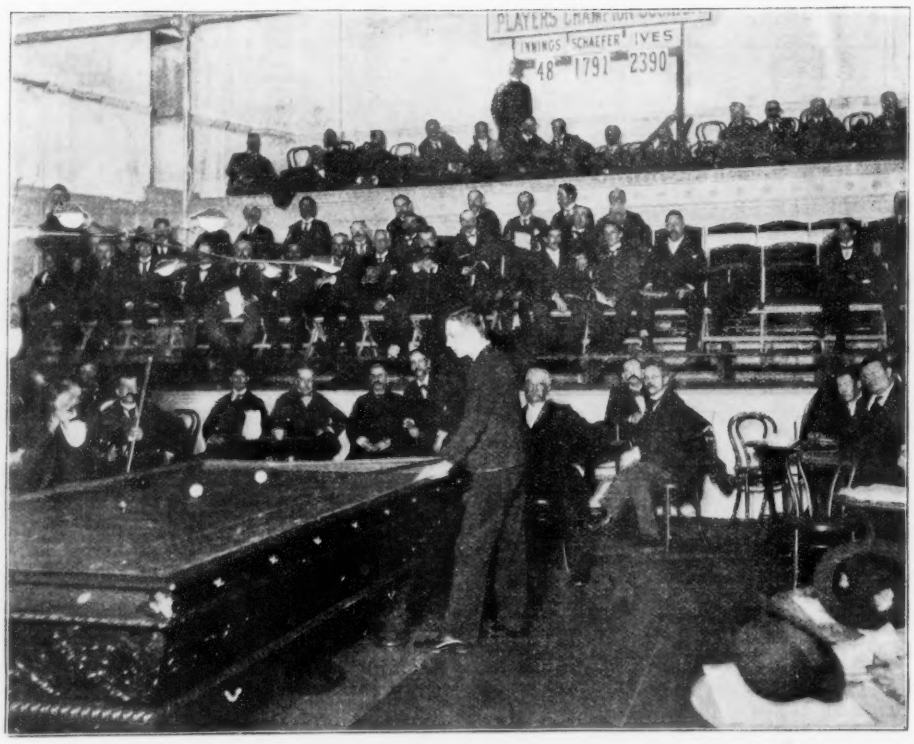
Here Dr. McCosh soon added greatly to his celebrity, and in addition to his duties as professor, he wrote and published a great many works on numerous departments in philosophy. In 1858 a long visit to Germany and a careful survey of the field of German philosophy opened new avenues of thought to him.

His first visit to this country was in 1866, when he became, while on a tour of inspection of our colleges and theological seminaries, identified with the cause of union between the two branches of the Presbyterian Church. He returned to his chair at Queen's College, but was presently invited to accept the presidency of Princeton College, and in May of 1868 he was elected to that high office, succeeding the learned Dr. McLean, who had been connected with the college for half a century.

Princeton was in a decline after the Civil War; its Southern patronage had fallen away, and no other was replacing it. Dr. McCosh soon tripled the number of students; generous friends of learning gathered around the new president and supplied him with money; new college buildings were constructed, and important fellowships were established. When Dr. McCosh resigned the presidency in 1888 he left Princeton a University in everything but name.

The system of philosophy of which Dr. McCosh was so brilliant an exponent has had a profound influence on American thought. Taught from the chair and luminously explained in his printed works, its ripples widened yearly during his lifetime, and still widen.

Non-sectarian religious teaching was always a sacred duty with the great instructor. In questions of conduct, in the matter of temperance, in the contest of athletics, in his vigorous and firm discountenancing of secret college fraternities, in his stand for the highest ideals, his influence was a benefaction.



THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH BETWEEN FRANK IVES AND JACOB SCHAEFER AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

During his presidency at Princeton, Dr. McCosh lived in the beautiful old Potter mansion, but he built a new home after he retired, and in the more modern house many of his later works were written. In this home he died on Friday evening, November 16, of old age. His faithful wife, whose tender care of him in his declining years was so touching, survives him, and he leaves a son, Andrew McCosh, attending physician at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, and two married daughters, Mrs. Alexander Maitland and Mrs. David Magie.—(See front page.) EDWARD KING.

WHITE HOUSE TURKEYS.

ORIGIN OF THE THANKSGIVING CUSTOM.

HAVING issued his proclamation declaring November 29 a day of Thanksgiving, the President of the United States is now prepared to give thanks with the other citizens of this country for the blessings which he, as an American, enjoys. And one thing for which Mr. Cleveland will have to be thankful is a forty-pound turkey from Rhode Island or Connecticut. For many years these two States have vied with each other in supplying to the White House for the Thanksgiving dinner the fattest, juiciest turkey which that favored section of the United States can produce. Judge W. H. Hilliard, of Stonington, has furnished many of these plump birds in recent years. Last year and the year before Horace Vose, of Westerly, R. I., was the purveyor of provender to the White House on Thanksgiving Day. The turkey which Mr. Vose sent to President Harrison two years ago weighed thirty-eight pounds. There was enough of it for the Harrison family, root and branch, and enough besides for the members of the President's household. Mr. Harrison accepted the turkey, and his private secretary sent a pleasant note of thanks. Mr. Vose sent a turkey to President Cleveland the following year; but the President had made other plans for his holiday, and the turkey was not used at the White House. If Mr. Vose feels discouraged this year, there will be those among his neighbors who will welcome the opportunity of sending to the President some of the product of their farms, even on the chance that it will find a way to the White House table.

Perhaps Mr. Cleveland did not find the turkey of last year acceptable because it was selected by a warm political friend of President Harrison—Senator Dixon of Rhode Island. It has been the custom of the Senator from the southwestern part of Rhode Island to assist in the selection of the President's Thanksgiving bird. Senator Anthony performed this duty for many years; and lately Mr. Dixon has been the Senatorial inspector. Mr. Dixon is a resident of Westerly and interested in the promotion of the commercial interests of that town. Not the least of these is the raising of turkeys. Westerly ships sixty or seventy tons of turkeys to the markets of the East every year.

Turkey was not the centre of the festal board in pioneer Thanksgiving times in Rhode Island and Connecticut. Venison and bear's meat were the *pieces de resistance* of the table a century and a half ago. In a newspaper published in Connecticut in Colonial times is to be found an account of the feast spread before the Governor and Her Majesty's Commissioners on Thanksgiving Day, 1713, from which it appears that, before the company fell to, the announcement was made that the venison had come from a deer which had been shot "on ye Lord's day." Thereupon the entire company refused to eat, and it was decided that the Indian who had shot the deer should receive thirty-nine stripes and should restore to the purchaser the price paid for the meat. Then, having inflicted a "just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen," the company (excepting one member, whose conscience was not satisfied) fell upon the venison and devoured it.

In Colonial times, Thanksgiving Day was a local institution. The annual national feast dates back only to Lincoln's time. President Washington issued a proclamation in 1789, at the request of a joint committee of Congress. The original of this proclamation—the first ever issued by a President of the United States—is in the hands of Rev. J. W. Wellman, who had it as an heirloom from his grandfather, William Ripley of Cornish, N. H. Following Washington, several Presidents issued general proclamations on special occasions; but usually it was left to the Governors of the States to determine whether there should be a day of Thanksgiving and what that day should be. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of the *Ladies' Magazine*, Boston, conducted a campaign in favor of making Thanksgiving a national festival; and in 1864 President Lincoln adopted her suggestion and issued a proclamation. This was the beginning of the national annual observance of the day. The President now issues a stereotyped proclamation early in November appointing a day of Thanksgiving which is usually the last Thursday in November. The observance of the day is general.

Washington's first proclamation was a very elaborate document. He asked the people to unite in giving thanks for the result of the Revolutionary War, for the establishment of the Government, for the "civil and religious liberty" which the people of this country enjoyed; and to ask that the National Government be made "a blessing to the people." It is usual for the President to suggest some special object of thanksgiving only when some great calamity has been averted. In general the proclamation is merely an acknowledgment of the reign of peace and plenty in America—a matter over which there may be less rejoicing this year than in many years preceding. GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.

FRANK IVES, "the Napoleon of Billiards," has played and won another great match with his old opponent, Jacob Schaefer, demonstrating again his marvelous ability in handling the cue over the green cloth. The instantaneous photograph, taken by permission of the billiardist and Manager Humphreys on the fourth night of the Madison Square contest, shows Ives in the act of making a carron in the last run of his play for that evening. "Bud" Schofield, the marker, sits on the left of the young champion, and the manager can be seen to his immediate right. The match was made for a five thousand-dollar stake and the net receipts. On the first evening "Jake" Schaefer ran 32 points ahead of Ives, scoring the 600 points of the game. On the second evening Ives wiped off the deficit and added another 600, while Schaefer was totaling 233. The third evening saw the Chicago man's lead of 367 increased to 718. Schaefer's cleverest work could do nothing with such a tremendous lead. On the sixth and last night Ives made a run of 331, breaking Schaefer's previous best of 271, and ran out the required 3,600 points in a dazzling manner, in the presence of one of the most brilliant and enthusiastic audiences ever seen at a billiard match in New York. Credit must be given to Schaefer for the dauntless manner in which he played during the closing games. On the fourth and fifth evenings he actually succeeded in lessening by 300 the champion's big lead, and on the sixth night, with defeat staring him in the face, he nerved himself to a run of 235. In fact, both men throughout the long match showed by their coolness in critical situations of what stuff champions are made.

Miss Beauti—"How do you like my new photograph?"

Little Girl—"It's perfectly lovely. Did you really sit for it yourself?"

Old Lady—"Poor man! so you've been living on water for three days? Here's ten cents for you."

Tramp—"Yes'm; I was workin' my way on a canal-boat."

For sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use
The sure cure—Bromo-Seltzer.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*The Right (Wrong) Honorable Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia.*

SCENE.—*Among the scattered ruins of a Historic Party.*

TIME.—*The Fading of the Last Rose of Summer, or, more properly, Fall Time.*

CHAIRMAN WILSON, LOQUITUR.—"I am the father of the Wilson Bill, or rather the Bill Wilson is my boy, and a thundering boy he is, too. That offspring, or, more rightly, that spring-off had the most careful nurses and physicians, was trained in the nurture and admonition of the Democratic party and would have had President Cleveland for a godfather but he said it was red-headed and had freckles, and he didn't someway like the looks of it. I looked upon my Bill as heir-apparent to the universal throne—(by the way, universal throne! that hath a similar sound and an accompanying thud that strikes harshly on mine ears).

"The birth of that kid caused enormous joy among all nations, except perhaps the United States; but that cuts a small figure. True, the Senate put a handkerchief in his pocket to use and a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole and readjusted his necktie, but nevertheless he is my son and has my earmarks in large dimensions, and is considered by my old-time constituents in West Virginia to be a veritable chip off the old block-head by all that is out; and he went through both Houses like a rich relation, even if he didn't get the President's name in his autograph album, and became of age with a whoop that paralyzed—that paralyzed about everything, and for a time the father of that boy did about as well as could be expected. But England! Hold Hengland! what cherished memories linger of my reception in that land of my adoption! They brushed the dust off my clothes and blacked my boots and wiped the chairs off for me to sit on, and said without doubt I was the best-looking American that had ever shaken the shores of Albion by stepping on them. They banqueted me till I was full, and evinced a desire to make me Ambassador Royal to the United States with headquarters at Washington, so that I might work in the interests of Great Britain, and all this because I was the daddy of the boy that killed the hopes of the men of trade and shut down the shops where the poor found work and opened the ports for pauper goods to play the deuce in the house that Uncle Sam built. My speech has been cited as the model of English rhetoric, since, you know, it was so thoroughly English and didn't smack a bit of anything purely American in its logic or deductions, especially its deductions. All the British papers concurred in saying that in my speech I was the most complete exponent of the English language and English thought since the days of Chaucer or Bite-off-more-than-you-can-Chawsir. I spoke English so plainly in all its imports, and especially exports, that they could readily understand me with both eyes shut. I hobnobbed with the British Lion as the American lyin',

They looked on me as the forerunner of a new era—a new Erie of freight. If I was so unfortunate as to leave my pocketbook at home I did not want for a cent; nothing was the least bit too good for me. Britishers even went so far as to loan me their umbrellas and went ahead to shove the fog off the sidewalks, piling it up in the gutter. Every fog-horn in the streets gave notice of my coming, while I dropped courtesies and H's on all sides as a tip-ical American should do.

"But now I wish I had taken a notion to demise then and receive a decent burial in Westminster to slow music. It would have been a cheerful affair and I could have done it with satisfactory results; but to live to become dead from free trade—free trade and unlimited, unrestricted votes, almost makes me go dead again, and a man in these times cannot stand a good deal of dying. I greatly missed it by not inserting a tariff on votes. They seemed to be a little too blamed free to suit my complexion. I am left, as it were, on the threshold of the house of my friends and not even a bottle of milk to sustain me, and no one to claim me. It's a pretty hard lot for one who has thrown millions and millions into the pockets of foreign manufacturers without the asking. The idea that people who work and earn money can't pay for sugar better than those of us who don't is preposterous. My bill was no wool and a yard wide, with selvidge. It relieved the hard-working farmers of the trouble of taking care of sheep, and now I am left out in the cold without a fleece to cover my shame—and I noticed that it someway happened to be a cold chill day when I was left. My little Bill did not seem to strike the nostrils of my constituents from the right direction. I see where I labored and sweat under a mistake. I was working in the interests of all things foreign, and now all things are foreign to my interests. It is decidedly non-interesting to me as a spectator to my own funeral when I am just dead enough to be most disastrously alive and would give most anything for a spoonful of taxed sugar to sweeten the bitterness of this chicory cup. O trusts! trusts! had I only served the people more and ye not so much I would not now be left with all these infirmities while I am accumulating age. By the English vote I would have been elected by several majorities let alone one. My seat in the House is left unto me desolate, and I'd like to put a tack in it for my bloody opponent to recline on with my regards.

"My Wililam, my Bill, my Willy, come back to me now! The clock in the steeple strikes two thousand majority and bids me shut up my political shop. I thought I had made a name that would go whistling down the corridors of time, but it looks like it had struck the corroders of time instead, and left me helpless to mine enemies. My unworthy scion, like a Krupp mule, has kicked back before I had a chance to get out of the way; I did not know it was so dreadfully loaded. Every sugar spoon in the land is dipping into my record, and every lamb and sheep says Bah when I ask if they have any wool, while the miners about here are consoling themselves with the idea that when I die dead with the Democratic party I will emigrate to a foreign country where they pay a bounty for all the coal they can fetch. O that I could climb a tree and pull it up after me!

"Au Revoir. Ah there!"

FUTURE OF THE HORSE.

THIS is an era of such rapid and constant progress that readjustments in many kinds of businesses are frequently necessary. The development of electrical power and the improvement of machinery are having a serious effect upon the value of certain kinds of horses. Engineers long ago realized that the horse was for many purposes the cheapest and most desirable kind of locomotive, because the horse takes the fuel which supplies the motive power along with it. But the quality of this motive power has of late become insufficient. It is not fast enough. Nor is it as cheap as steam or the electrical power generated by steam. Therefore, for street cars and for kindred kinds of traffic, the horse is rapidly becoming obsolete. Nothing slower than the cable or the merry trolley satisfies our longing to get where we are going without delay.

Considering the many other uses to which horses can be put, and always have been put, it would be remarkable if the withdrawal of this one source of demand should be felt seriously by horse breeders. But there have been other substitutes for horses.

The bicycle has been perfected within the past few years, and very many men and women who formerly took their pleasure in either riding or driving now find that they can get more satisfactory and cheaper outings on bicycles than on horses. To be sure, not all who ride bicycles formerly rode or drove horses; but so many of them did that the price of an ordinary roadster, either for harness or saddle, has fallen so that breeders are beginning to acknowledge that in raising such animals there is no profit whatever.

These two sources of decreased use for horses have had their effects, but there have been other causes at work in another direction.

The ranchmen of the West realized, some twenty years ago, that there was quite as much money in the breeding of horses as of cattle on the plains. They therefore went into it in the extensive way characteristic of people who are notably enterprising in a venturesome age.

They not only had hundreds of horses, but herds containing many thousands. These horses cost little to raise, as they were driven from one pasturage to another, and at three and even four years old could be sold at a profit for less than an ordinary yearling would have to bring in the East so that the breeder would not suffer loss.

But there was a demand for these horses, and for Eastern horses as well, at good prices, so that the profits of a horse ranchman became enormous.

This encouraged others to go into this style of horse breeding, and the production in a little while became greater than had ever been known. This was just when the two causes before alluded to—the merry trolley and the much merrier bicycle—were at work reducing the demand for horses.

The consequence was inevitable. The price for horses was obliged to fall. The fall is most seriously felt where the supply of horses was greatest—that is, in the West, the source of the overproduction.

In the Portland *Oregonian*, Mr. Howard, an extensive stock raiser in Oregon, says: "I don't know what we are going to do with the horse. During my recent trip across the mountains I saw thousands running wild as any deer. They usually travel in bands of four or five, and are so thick that there is no danger of getting lonely if you love a horse as much as most men do. Some day, I suppose, we will kill them for their meat, as we do cattle. In Europe this is done now, and I m told the meat is very tender and wholesome. A horse's hide is worth about two dollars, and it will not be very long before we will be killing these intelligent animals for their glossy coats. This is an awful shame, but we are certain to come to it unless some new use is found for these favorite animals."

Mr. Howard is no doubt a man of experience and good sense. That he is a man of good heart is certain, but he takes a needlessly despondent view as to the future of the horse and the prospect of horse breeding. There are plenty of uses for the horses remaining. The trouble is that there is too much breeding of horses, and this is not done as carefully as it should be.

The hap-hazard methods of the Western ranchers were full of peril to the horse, which should be bred carefully, scientifically, and always with reference to the kind of work that the animal would be asked to perform in its maturity.

But, it may be said, even such horses now at the horse sales fetch prices so low that there is no profit in breeding them. This is because we have been passing through a season of dreadful business depression, when all values fell to the very bottom, and when there was no actual demand for any save the necessities of life.

The common horse is still a necessity of life, but much less so than he used to be. The fine horse, the horse of the fair ring, the park and the race-course is distinctly a luxury which can be done without, painful though it may be.

In 1890 the value of trotters and roadsters had reached such a high point that the Rosemeade stock was sold in this city at an average price of $2,712.59 per head. Now even the breeders of this fine stock became excited, and there was a notable increase in breeding.

The next year at the sales prices were considerably less, and in 1892 and 1893 this decrease in values continued. This year, up to the time of the writing of this article (the week of the Horse Show in New York), prices have been so low that horses not of the highest grade have been almost given away. Of course this will not continue any longer than the bad times. The overproduction is sure to stop. When we are established in good times again good high-grade horses for harness or for saddle are sure to bring very satisfactory prices, and the phenomenal animals—the horses that can run a mile in 1.40 or trot a mile in 2.04—will bring just as fancy prices as they ever did. But the ten, twenty and forty thousand-dollar horses never had any effect on the general market and they probably never will.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

"ONCE A WEEK'S" MERRY CHRISTMAS.

As already announced in a previous number, there will be published with the Christmas number of ONCE A WEEK a deeply interesting story by Annie S. Swan, entitled "How a Christmas Prayer Was Answered." In many respects it has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest and healthiest novels of the day. This beautiful story will be issued in the Library series with No. 10, Vol. XIV., of the issue of ONCE A WEEK. In itself this novel is worth ten times the price of the weekly, and yet it will be found to be only one of a number of attractive features prepared for the holiday season and written by a *corps* of distinguished writers.

The Christmas number of ONCE A WEEK will be in every respect a work of art in point of illustration, as no expense is to be spared to render it superior to anything of the kind heretofore published. Anticipating a large demand for this coming Christmas number—judging by orders already sent in—a very large edition will be published. Still, all subscribers and others desiring copies, including the accompanying novel, will do well to send in their orders at once. The attention of advertisers is also invited to the advantages of securing places in the Christmas number. Those applying earliest naturally will secure the best places. First come first served, and best served.

Managing Editor—"Why didn't you print Scribbler's remarkable article about a crazy millionaire scattering money along the streets?"

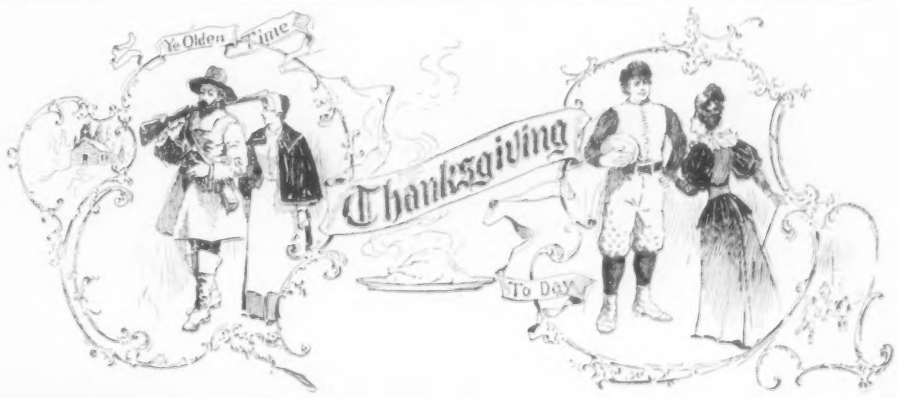
City Editor—"It's a joke. If it had been true, we wouldn't have had the article."

Managing Director—"Why not?"

City Editor—"Scribbler would have been following him yet."

Jack—"What's funny in the letter you're reading?"

Will—"It's from the proprietor of a temperance hotel. I applied to him for board, and he says: 'I'm sorry, sir, but we're all full.'"



EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

November 7.

PARIS is in mourning. Since the Russian fête last winter the Czar has had both a national and personal popularity; and it is not strange, then, that a nation to whom "the trappings of war" have always appealed strongly should show outward respect to the dead monarch. The night that the news of the Czar's death reached us, the subsidized theatres were closed, the boulevards and shops decked with mourning banners, and special services were subsequently held in many of the churches. The beautiful Russian church on the Rue Daru has been crowded for days by the Czar's faithful subjects in Paris; and affords an impressive sight, with kneeling black-robed women, their trailing robes sweeping over the richly carpeted floor, broken by no seats or *prie-dieux*, and their delicate faces outlined against the massive gold altar gates. Russian attachés and officers in gold and blue and white uniforms come and go. The Russian colony in Paris, in any way connected with the Court, will wear mourning for three months.

Paris has whole *magazins* devoted to mourning—*modistes* and *couturières* who make it a specialty; in no other place is every detail carried out so faithfully. At one of the big houses on the Rue de la Paix, I obtained some hints as to what may properly be worn in black.

Mourning of course follows the general modes of the season, although the *grand deuil* must be conservative and unobtrusive in style. The Princess gown seems to me the best model. I saw one of a soft, thick camel's-hair. A wide revers starting on the right shoulder narrowed to a point at the waist and then flared out into a panel on the left side of the skirt. This revers and panel, the choker and high cuffs were of baby Persian lamb with an edge of passementerie appliqued with dull jets. The bonnet was in the form of a tiny toque with a twist of caracule resting on the hair. Crape rosettes and dull jet aigrettes trimmed both sides of the bonnet; and in the back, short point ends of crape fell just to the shoulders.

A black cloth gown for a young girl is cut out about the hem in a marguerite design arranged in Vandyke points and exquisitely stitched over a lining of corded silk. The deep cuffs and Vandyke collar are similarly treated. The cloth bodice blouses slightly over a sash of ottoman silk ribbon, which falls on one side in long flat loops and fringed ends.

Another black gown of soft wool has a surplice waist trimmed with many rows of a narrow fringe made of silk cord. The two tiny ruffles about the skirt are edged with the fringe.

There are some new crapes shown. A very effective black silk crape has dull silk polka dots; another has irregular scrolls in it; and the perforated designs also come in silk crape, sometimes with an embroidered edge. A becoming hat for a young girl has a soft crown of a fancy crape with a sailor brim of black felt. Crape rosettes and aigrettes trim both sides of the hat alike, and a tracery of dull jet edges the brim.

Astrakhan and caracule, or the baby Persian lamb, are the furs generally used in first mourning. In second mourning, the whole cut and style of the gown may be more modish; and there is a far greater choice of material and trimming. Ermine, which is very fashionable, is largely used for linings and trimmings of outdoor wraps. A magnificent velvet wrap worn at the Russian church had sleeves and a square collarette with long ends in front of ermine. A short jacket of black velvet, cut double-breasted and with a very full skirt, had turn-up cuffs and shawl collar of ermine.

Another magnificent wrap was of black plush with a moire surface. The garment hung full and straight from the neck, and had a circular cape of caracule lined with purple. This cape was slashed up the middle of the back and front so that it simply extended over the tops of the enormous plush sleeves.

The hats and bonnets for second mourning show a great deal of white velvet and chenille; but nothing lightens the effect of the black so well as rosettes and strings of white tulle or crape. A very effective throatlet is of white ribbon with hair stripes of black in it. This is edged with black lace and arranged about the throat in large rosettes, with loops of inch-wide black ribbon between the rosettes.

But to speak of brighter things. Skating is a popular amusement in Paris. The Palais de Glace provides artificial ice in good condition; and, at certain hours, is crowded with the smart set, gowned in bewildering combinations of velvet and fur. We may look for outdoor skating after a little, and the *couturières* have designed some charming models suitable for this amusement. The skirts are slightly shorter than for walking; and, although they extend crisply in the back, they are generally not as full, nor do they contain so much of stuff. The jacket is the popular garment for skating and is worn over a plain silk blouse. A skirt of aubergine velvet has two inside ruffles and lining of lilac silk. These colored linings and *balayeuses* are never more effective than on skating costumes. The velvet jacket has a throatlet and tiny yoke of accordion-plaited lilac Liberty silk. Below the yoke is a deep collar of ostrich feathers, rolling over the shoulders and extending in revers down the front of the jacket. From the throat falls a long jabot of lilac chiffon and small black tips.

A skirt of cadet blue cloth has a row of chinchilla fur about the hem. An irregular design of bluets extends up the front of the skirt, the leaves and stems being embroidered in silks with the flowers cleverly cut out of the cloth and appliqued over bluet silk. The double-breasted jacket is of cadet blue *miroir* velvet fastened with silver filigree buttons. The deep collarette and cuffs are of the chinchilla, while a cloud of bluet chiffon envelops the throat.

A cape well adapted to any outdoor exercise is of green covert cloth cut in a very full circular pattern. Armholes are cut out of this, and a circular piece of the cloth is sewed into each and stitched to the cape under the arms. The garment falls as one cape, but the arms may be lifted without exposing the body to the cold.

A suit of dark-green velvet is trimmed with jet and a narrow trimming made of peacock and ostrich feathers. A peacock feather boa and muff accompany this suit, and the chapeau is a most delightful affair. It has a tiny ruffled brim of heavily jetted black lace; above this is a soft crown of green velvet with a bunch of black ostrich tips surrounded by tiny humming-birds.

A suit that pleased me very much was shown me by one of the English tailors here. It was of light-gray and black wool in the fashionable basket weave. The jacket was moderately short and untrimmed, save that it turned up about the bottom for about four inches in front, narrowing to a point in the back. This was faced with gray velvet and heavily embroidered with cut steel beads. The jacket opened over a blouse of a heavily corded white silk laid in box-plaits. This blouse was held by a pointed vest of gray velvet ornamented with cut steel embroidery, and fastened with small steel buttons.

Doucet shows some pretty evening waists particularly adapted to *la jeune fille*. One of yellow Liberty silk had the modestly rounded neck finished with pearl ornaments and rosettes of white moire ribbon. The bodice was an accordion-plaited blouse of the silk with heavy white lace insertion between clusters of the fine plaits. The waist bloused below the sash with the insertion forming loops. The sash was of white moire ribbon, fastening in front with a rosette on each side.

Another dainty bodice was of white silk with a deep Vandyke collar of heavily pointed *beurre*-colored lace. From under this collar, from armhole to armhole, fell a frill of accordion-plaited white mousseline-de-soie, also cut into points and edged with narrow *beurre*-colored lace. This frill almost covered the plain round silk bodice which was held by a soft sash of mousseline-de-soie, fastened with an ecru lace rosette on each side of the waist.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

FASHIONS IN FUR.

IN no direction does capricious Dame Fashion show herself so remorselessly extravagant as in the vagaries of her fancies in fur. Every season she wantonly insists on introducing entirely new models in furs and fur-trimmed garments, so that really only the multi-millionaires can, with a clear conscience, indulge her caprices and enjoy the satisfaction of looking entirely up-to-date. The wise old saw, "Cut your coat according to your cloth," has no application when there is question of remodeling an old sealskin, for the vastness of the new sleeves, collars and revers calls for an alarming quantity of new material, the cost of which, added to that of alteration, will about double the price of the original garment. "From fifty to ninety dollars," a Broadway furrier informed an inquiring customer, the other day, would be the probable cost of remodeling her sealskin coat, and the lady in question heaved a gentle sigh and turned away with an expression on her face which I knew meant "Out of the question!" In Canada those things are done cheaper by about one-half, but our discerning Government has placed such high prohibitory duties on Canadian furs—sixty per cent, I believe—as to completely debar us from taking advantage of their wonderful cheapness.

Some of the most approved new fashions in fur are shown in the group on this page. The first is a three-quarter length sealskin coat, made tight-fitting and double-breasted with very full sleeves and wide revers. It is only in the two last-named particulars that it differs from the fashions of last winter in the same sort of garment. The popular combination of lace and fur is charmingly illustrated here in a shoulder-cape of sable surmounted by a Vandyke collar of cream lace daintily embroidered in gold with beads and sequins. It was made to wear over a carriage cloak of brown and green shot moire antique lined with squirrel lock. The lace is the color of old ivory, harmonizing to perfection with the beautiful shades of the sable and the artistic coloring of the green and brown moire. A smart little sealskin Eton jacket is shown in the second figure. This style of garment is very becoming to youthful wearers. The wide pointed revers are of sable. A very pretty one could be made of lamb or caracule with revers of seal or chinchilla.

Bodices of Persian lamb are in great favor, worn over cloth skirts in bright greens, reds and cinnamon browns. The fur-trimmed gown in the group is made of a rather bright green cloth, a color which forms a most effective background for the rich brown of the sable bands and tails which form the trimming. A great many gowns of this style were seen at the Horse Show, lightened in most cases by some kind of rich lace trimming and knots of violets. On the last figure is shown a very handsome sable tippet, made with a yoke and high collar of sealskin and two very long ends of sable in front. The quaint granny muff which goes with it is also in sable, with pendent sable tails at the sides.

Gwendolen Gay

WRINKLES.

FUR mixed with jet is an ugly combination, though much worn.

Box-plaits down the fronts of blouses and bodices are very fashionable.

Printed silk chiffon is a new French material greatly used for blouses and draperies.

Among the presents given to a Scottish bride were a teacloth and cozy of fine cream serge, embroidered at each corner with groups of thistles in sprays, a puffing of silk in leaf-green forming the garniture. The cozy had a similar lining and showed the national flower beautifully worked on the front.

To test the quality of black silk, burn a small piece of it. If it burns readily to a crisp, brittle ash, gray-black in color, then it is pure and dyed with a vegetable dye. If, on the other hand, it burns with difficulty or smolders slowly, leaving a soft and dusty ash, red or reddish brown in color, it is of poor quality, overweighted with chemicals, likely to lose its good appearance and wear out quickly.

The last number of the *Graphic* illustrates a "Sewing Competition for Men," which is one of the favorite diversions of a voyage to India. A committee of ladies act as judges, and to secure impartiality in the awards the pieces of work have no names attached, but only numbers. The match is productive of a good deal of amusement. The idea might be carried out with success at church fairs and the finished articles sold by auction as curiosities; a rainy day at a seaside hotel could also be enlivened by this interesting kind of competition.

A new profession for women is managing hotels. Lady managers may be found in a great many English hotels, especially in country towns and at the seaside. The result is a marked improvement in the tone of the houses, in the furniture, meals, and general atmosphere. The lady manager acts the part of a hostess in a private house, makes her guests feel at home, and contributes by her sympathetic interest in them individually to make their stay as pleasant as possible. The idea is a very good one and should find favor in this country.

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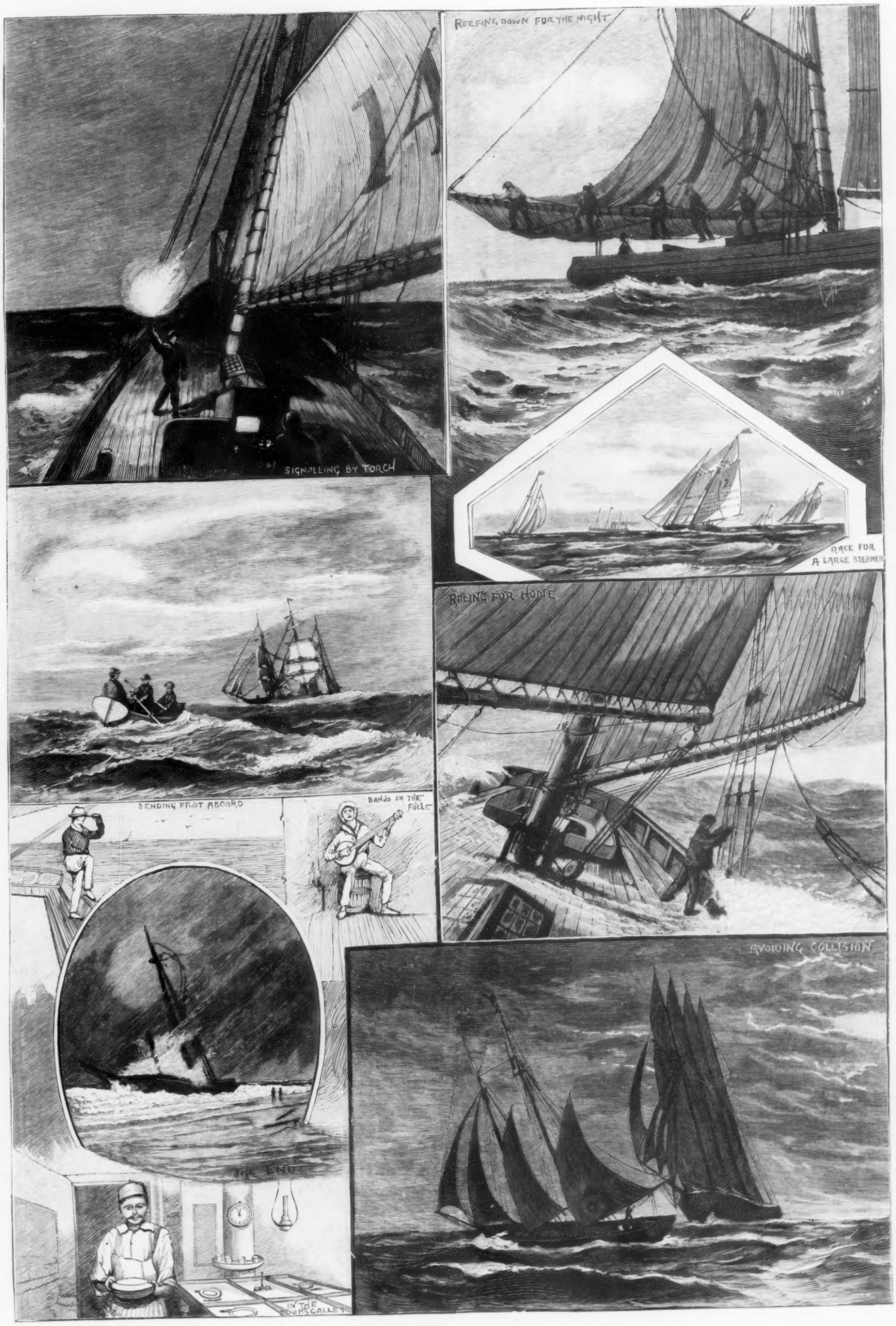


OUR DARING NEW YORK PILOTS.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by S. G. W. BENJAMIN.)

(See page 6.)

The Social Position of Actresses.

An actress's social position is in her own hands. It is exactly what she makes it herself. If she pursues her calling, as workers in other branches of art pursue theirs—modest, yet appreciating her own merits, avoiding notoriety and leading an honorable life—her social position is ready for her. When society says of an actress, "I met Miss Blank at dinner the other evening. I was astonished! She was so unlike an actress!" depend upon it there is no question about the social status of that woman. For, translated, that remark means: Miss So-and-So was dressed quietly and in good taste; her voice was subdued, her manners unobtrusive, her appearance, conversation and demeanor just the same as that of any other gentlewoman.

This is my answer to the formidable question which Once a Week has put to me: What is the social position of an actress? The only excuse I can find for answering is that society is divided into two parts, those who know all about the theatrical profession and those who are ignorant of it. The knowing ones are aware that the theatre has long been out of its leading strings, and that actresses now emphatically object to being patronized by the same people who foully asperse their calling. Gone are the days when society asked such a profoundly silly question as, "Is an actress a lady?" The social position of an actress to-day, to broad-minded people, is assured, and therefore need not be demonstrated.

But there are others who, ignorant of the life of an actress, entertain toward her a blind prejudice, honestly and innocently believing that simply because a woman is on the stage she must necessarily lack morality and be devoid of good manners. That an actress can have a high social position never occurs to these people. They look upon us as clever but "lost souls," who can amuse them for an hour or two, but who must not be permitted to enter the inner sanctum of their homes. They consider that the calling of an actress is one burdened with a stigma which deprives her of social position, and debars her from being received upon equal terms. These are the good people, who, when an actress enters the room, gather up their skirts and with a "come, dear," to their daughters, depart at once. When a village girl hies her away to the city, watch the look of horror with which they receive the news that the absent one has "gone on the stage." Again, watch the horror o'er-spread these faces when a former village lad returns and announces that he is engaged to be married to an actress. In the minds of these good souls the stage is simply the workshop of fallen women. So to this class of people, and to this alone, my little scroll is addressed. Though I assume the responsibility of answering arguments at the risk of a charge of egotism, if I answer for myself, and of presumption, if I answer for others, yet I will endeavor to right misunderstandings and correct false aspersions which certain people always attach to the word Actress, when socially considered.

Some people think that an actress must be different from the ordinary person, an individual separate and apart from all other social beings in their childish ignorance, and like the little girl, who in an awed whisper, at the theatre, asked: "Mamma, do actresses have to eat?"

There is so much attached to the question of an actress's social position, so many inferences, when taken collectively, that the only fair way I can treat it is to speak of the individual, the actress. As I am asked nothing regarding the social position of actors, I will confine myself to my own sex.

Some deny that there are no more actresses in society to-day than formerly. But how can this be? Such a statement is only made by the thoughtless. It is folly to deny that actresses are found in the company of educated, well-bred people in five times five the number of instances of such associates thirty years ago. The reasons for this are several. One is, as the world advances in civilization, men's minds expand accordingly. Mists of ignorance and prejudice are swept away, and many *do see* the truth and accept it.

"Then, too, a better class of people are adopting the stage as a profession. Good, sweet women, mothers and sisters, who, keeping their purity unsullied, are helping to transfuse it with a new and better light. You can no more judge an actress by the few who dress conspicuously, and talk loudly, than you can judge all society by that member of it who insults a woman. Surely it is better to earn one's bread with one's natural talents, and shock a few, rather than starve and bury one's gifts and please the bigoted. An actress has a soul, feeling, heart, tenderness. She is a human being just the same as any other woman.

Some people seem to be in downright earnest when they assert that the profession of the stage is one in which, "if a girl remains pure in heart it is a miracle." I can only conclude that any one who makes this assertion cannot speak from experience among actresses, and by the word actress I mean one who is really an artist. Unfortunately there are black sheep on the stage as in every condition of life. Why, only lately, in the foremost ranks of society, both here and abroad, there have been startling examples of such; yet would it be fair to argue on the strength of these exceptions that in society to-day "if a girl remains pure in heart it is a miracle"? If virtue, purity, and even unconventionality, are to be considered in the question of an actress's social position, then the question of moral condition of society itself must first be demonstrated.

Again, look at the police records in any of the morning papers—lawers, doctors, scientists, army and navy officers, and even clergymen, charged with crime; yet would any one, on account of these backsliders, have the audacity to declare that the professions thus represented were thereby debased?

Notwithstanding that the interviewer has been at large for several years, there are people who still believe that the surroundings of a stage-life are so Bohemian as to unfit an actress to mingle in good society. I wish these people would make a round of New York's first-class theatres some night and point out the dreadful temptations that beset the actress. From my own experience I would say that the visitor would find a number of business women conducting themselves in a most business-like fashion.

As for late suppers and that sort of thing. Well, it is a temptation, for, work being over for the day, it seems to be playtime. But for any industrious, conscientious actress who has regard for her health and morality, the late supper habit has long been discontinued. A very sweet girl I once knew—one who had just adopted the stage—thought she must follow the example of some of her sister-artists, indulging in late suppers, etc. I cautioned her, however, and a short time after she came to my room to say that I was right, and to thank me.

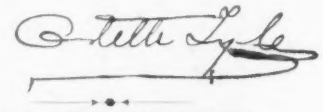
It is true, however, that the parts of ladies cannot be played by those whose manners and accent are at variance with their birth. This is a matter of gentle training in early life and of refined associations. When an actress successfully fills the rôle of a lady on the stage, there is not, as a rule, any question as to her social position in private life. One must be cultivated indeed who can adopt a tone and demeanor other than those he has been accustomed to since youth, and to do it so naturally as to defy detection. How often do those whose critical eye is not blinded by the beauty and attractiveness of a young actress, say of her: "This girl has both imagination and genius, but she lacks the refinement which can only come from birth; she is not to the manner born." In every profession there are various degrees of excellence, and in the theatrical as in the regular army there can only be one general to a good many privates. There never was a larger demand than there is now for educated and refined women to devote themselves to the stage, and if the refined drama is to be maintained, then ladies and gentlemen by birth and education must devote their talents to the cause, and who shall say that a woman thus forfeits her claim to social recognition?

"But there are so many women entering the profession now," says some one, "just because they have won notoriety." Ah! this is too true. It is understood, I believe, that when a woman becomes the subject of scandal she loses her standing. If she then appears on the stage, well, so much the worse for the stage. And if she is permitted to appear for any other reason than histrionic talent, so much to the discredit of the public who pay to see her.

"But just see the character of some of the plays," it is remarked. "How can we receive in society an actress who nightly assumes the part of an adventuress, for instance?" My dear friends, blame yourselves first, then criticise the actress. If a foolish play is given, it is because the public demands it.

"But when a woman is fondled and kissed by a man on the stage," you say, "she gradually becomes accustomed to such attentions and allows them at any and all times." If you believe this, I reply then you are utterly ignorant of the stage and its necessities. It is by no means a sequence that her womanhood is tarnished by doing what is purely business. Again, I have actually heard people say that actresses do not attain the standard of educated people. Such a statement is on the face of it absurd. My experience moves me to dissent. I agree that even if actresses seldom have university educations, they have a large smattering of general knowledge, together with numerous gifts, and with quite as great conversational powers as the majority of those of whom society is composed. As for that matter, I am sure my friends in the Twelfth Night Club and in the Professional League are proof of the fact that there is a society, and a pleasant society, too, where politics, current literature and social topics of the day are discussed with freedom and debated with keenness, if not with brilliancy.

But we don't mean to assert that actresses are freer from faults than other people. They have the same foibles, vanities, ambitions, etc., as other women; yet I daresay, if actresses were compared with women in private life, the comparison would be in favor of the greater industry and consciousness of the woman of the stage as compared with the butterfly of society. Actresses have vanities and ambitions, and they have also temptations that would gratify the one and achieve the other. Yet, take the actress, with all her vanities and follies, and I have every reason to believe that she will compare most favorably with a similar member of any particular section of society for propriety of conduct and cultivation of mind.



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Next to the Premiums comes the Library with its novels mailed every two weeks. It would be matter for regret if our old patrons were to miss the high-class novels that the Library will issue during the coming ear. They include novels by writers in all the civilized countries of the world, including our own restless country, of course. The future will continue the good work in this direction already begun.

Once a Week has just gained a great journalistic triumph. The Commission appointed by President Cleveland to report on the terrible strikes and rioting of last July, has favorably reported on the scheme of Joint-Stock Labor Unions, advocated by this journal since the Homestead troubles in July, 1892. By this plan it is hoped that all disputes between employer and employee will be settled by one great company dealing with another, instead of by strikes and rioting and militia. Once a Week has fought for this plan almost single-handed since the terrible lesson of Homestead. This journal stands for the Home, for Country, and for Justice. We have now a fight on hand to gain the attention of the Government to a scheme for colonizing the worthy unemployed of our great cities, who are able and willing to become self-employers, if the Government will give them a little aid in the beginning.

Once a Week is not in politics for partisan purposes; but it has a work to do that has resulted in good in the past, and we will no doubt, with your aid, be able to do good in the future; in the brightening of life by a cheerful, good-natured newspaper every week; an entertaining and well-written new novel, that you have not read before, every two weeks; and a long and constantly growing list of Premium Books, upon which the world of well-meaning people and scholars has set the stamp of approval.

OUR THANKSGIVING PICTURES.

First in interest is the sketch of the primitive Thanksgiving in the wilderness, after the Puritan colonizers of New England had begun to rally from their first misgivings, and to believe that they would succeed in their great undertaking. In Mourt's "Journal of the Plantation at Plymouth" we find it quaintly set forth that as, "God be praysed, we had a good increase of Indian corne"—the stern old colonists relaxed a little and held a festival. "Many of the Indians," says the old chronicler, "came amongst us—with them their greatest King, Massasoit, with some ninetie men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deere, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed upon our Governour." The other pictures well illustrate the return from the coon hunt, to which the colored Nimrod has repaired in search of materials for Thanksgiving; the gripman's dinner-pail on the festal day, with doubtless a good slice of turkey and a mince pie stowed away in it to celebrate the return of prosperity; and the juvenile masqueraders, whose November parade is one of the features of New York's celebration of the day of good cheer and thankfulness. —(See pages 8 and 9.)

OUR ASTROLOGER.

THE number of letters received at this office from persons desiring their Horoscopes is so very large that the editor feels compelled to announce that for the present all new applications in that line will have to be declined. There is only room for about one page of these Horoscopes each week, and one page will never contain more than seven or eight of the necessary diagrams. Under these circumstances much delay must ensue before the demands of the many subscribers who have already sent in applications strictly complying with the conditions can be satisfied.

All interested patrons of ONCE A WEEK are asked to practice patience yet a little longer.

C. W., Montgomery.—You were born with the sign Sagittarius ascending, and are governed by the planet Jupiter. You should be rather above the middle height, dark, hair brown or light brown; in disposition ambitious, bold, active, and inclined to be improvident. Your prospects would give you success in law and in literature, as you have good and sound judgment. You are of a free, generous temperament, possess very great bodily strength, a good constitution and are promised a long life, though you will be liable to rheumatism and trouble with your arms and shoulders. You have val-

uable mental qualities; are a good mathematician, very accurate, not easily angered and very witty. You would be successful in anything demanding manual dexterity, and especially in chemistry. You are likely to gain by great and powerful friends, and by the dead. But with regard to any of your means or property, you are subject to annoyances and trouble. If you married, it would be to a woman of fine appearance, hair black or dark brown, firm in her ways, complexion ruddy or sanguine, likely to be hot tempered. You will probably be exposed to a good deal of trouble and interference through the opposition of prominent persons in public life. You have had much trouble in the past ten years, and this will not change until the end of 1895.

Gehrets.—You were born in the sign Aries, and are governed by the planet Mars, the Moon being in Mid-Heaven. In a general way, you have a very favorable Horoscope. You would be of medium stature, brown hair, gray eyes, sanguine complexion, strong body and long arms. You would be unlikely, however, to be very active in your disposition. You would be greatly ruled by the Moon and Neptune, and would therefore be anxious to move about a great deal and show a great variety in your character and disposition. You would be quick-sighted, inclined to have a sharp temper, ambitious, aspiring and determined. You would generally have success in life and great popularity, and would be successful in dealing in public commodities. You would also receive favors and advantages from powerful families or individuals. Your health would be generally good, except that you would be subject to fevers and intestinal troubles. While you have excellent aspects for fortune, you have yet the probability of being seriously opposed in business, and it is hardly probable that you will ever be wealthy, though you might, without doubt, accumulate a competence. In many particulars you will be dependent on yourself for the fortune you make for yourself, especially as you are a man inclined to drink. You will also suffer through deceitful and troublesome servants and employees. It is not improbable that you will gain by legacy or in some way through the dead. With regard to marriage, you are indicated to marry a woman described as short, with a well-set and strong body, broad shoulders, small dark eyes, and of

somewhat a malicious nature. She will be of a serious nature. In a general way, it would be your best plan to avoid relations with women as much as possible. They will nearly always bring you into some trouble or inconvenience. You had a good deal of trouble or sickness in the first year of your life; but after that not any until you were three years old. Your unfortunate periods since then have been at 7, 8, 11, 13, 19 and 24 years. The present year has not been very propitious for you.

Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extry fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt."

Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth."

Countryman—"Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

Ada—"Flo was just going down for the third time when Dr. Watson dived off a yacht and caught her."

Grace—"And saved her life! Wasn't that wonderful!"

Ada—"Yes, for a doctor."

CHESS.

BETWEEN THE GAMES.

THREE HUNDRED years ago James Rowbothum sold "at hys shoppe under Bowe Churche in Cheapesyde" the first book concerning "the Pleasaunt and wittie Playe of the Cheasts" published in the English language. In his preface to the reader he declared the game "voyde of all crafte, gyle, fraude, deceyt, colour, swearing, staring, impacience, fretting, or falling out"—a comprehensive sentence which might form the motto of a modern Chess Club.

A writer in the *British Chess Magazine* points out that the late Oliver Wendell Holmes added to his other accomplishments a considerable degree of skill as a chess player. The "Autocrat," the "Professor" and the "Poet" all contain references to the game, and the "Life of Emerson" has a curious simile drawn from the same source. "Over the Tea-Cups" compares the handling of a great State to the playing of a game of chess.

H. E. Bird, the English chess player, has published a pamphlet analyzing the Lasker-Steinitz contest. In his opinion Steinitz lost by failure to play up to his usual standard, and not because of Lasker's absolute superiority.

Rev. G. A. Macdonnel, the veteran "Mars" of the English *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has published a new and entertaining book called "The Knights and Kings of Chess."

Dr. W. H. Pollock has been playing blindfold games with members of the Heather Club of Montreal. Paul Lipke is one of the best living blindfold players. Recently he played eight simultaneous blindfold games with the Berlin Chess Society, winning all, and ten with the Berlin Chess Club, of which he won nine and drew one.

According to anticipation, Steinitz won the New York Tournament, scoring 8 1-2 points out of a possible 10. Albin followed with 6 1-2. Hymes and Showalter tied with 6. Delmar and Pillsbury tied with 5. Then came Rocamora, Hanham and Halpern with 4, and Baird and Jasnogrodsky with 3. Albin's lucky win from Steinitz gave him second place. Had he lost the game, as he was in a fair way to do when the time-limit rule gave it to him, he would have fallen into fourth place.

The St. Petersburg club is about to inaugurate a great telegraph contest between the European and Asiatic clubs of Russia.

Lasker is recovering from his attack of typhoid fever and contemplates a visit to Australia, where the game has been making great progress lately.

FROM NEW YORK.

Game played in the final round of the Chess Masters' Tournament between Hymes and Rocamora. Irregular opening.

WHITE. (Rocamora.)	BLACK. (Hymes.)	WHITE. (Rocamora.)	BLACK. (Hymes.)
1 P-K B 4	P-Q 4	17 Kt-K Kt 5	P-K R 3
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-K B 3	18 Kt-R 3	P-K 4
3 P-K 3	P-K 3	19 P x P	Kt x P
4 P-Q Kt 3	P-Q B 4	20 R x Kt	P x R
5 B-Kt 2	Q Kt-Q 2	21 Kt-B 4	B-K 3
6 B-Q 3	Q-B 2	22 P x P	B-B 4
7 Castles	B-Q 3	23 P-Q 3	P-B 5
8 Kt-Q R 3	P-Q R 3	24 P-K 4	P x P
9 B-K 2	P-Q Kt 4	25 Kt-R 5	Q x Q (ch)
10 P-Q B 4	Kt P x P	26 B x Q	B-B 4 (ch)
11 P x P	R-Kt	27 K-R	R x R
12 R-Kt	Castles	28 Kt x R	P x B
13 Q-K	Q-R 4	29 Kt x P (ch)	K-R
14 Q-B	Q-B 2	30 B-Q 2	B-B 7
15 Q-K	Q-R 4	31 Resigns.	
16 Q-B	Q-B 2	1 h. 35 m.	1 h. 46 m.

PROBLEM NO. 5.—BY JOSHUA NIELD, London, Eng.

BLACK (four pieces).

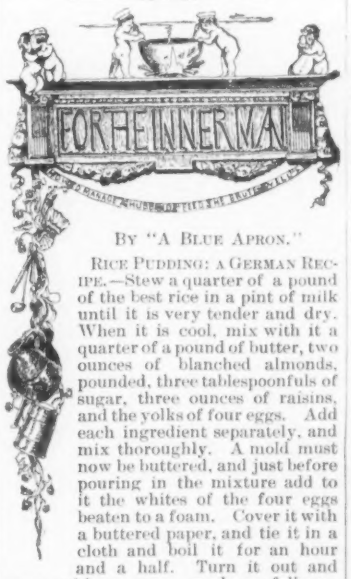
WHITE (ten pieces).

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROB. NO. 2.—BY L. ROSENFELD.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 K Kt-Q 6	Any move
2 K Kt-Q Kt 5	Any move
3 P-K B 4	Mate.

Correct solutions from S. Treinis, New York; C. L. Buschman, Indianapolis—"a good problem."



BY "A BLUE APRON."

RICE PUDDING: A GERMAN RECIPE.—Stew a quarter of a pound of the best rice in a pint of milk until it is very tender and dry. When it is cool, mix with it a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of blanched almonds, pounded, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three ounces of raisins, and the yolks of four eggs. Add each ingredient separately, and mix thoroughly. A mold must now be buttered, and just before pouring in the mixture add to it the whites of the four eggs beaten to a foam. Cover it with a buttered paper, and tie it in a cloth and boil it for an hour and a half. Turn it out and serve with a sauce made as follows: Boil half a pint of hock, in which place four lumps of sugar. When very hot, pour the wine over three yolks of eggs and beat thoroughly together over the fire until it froths and looks like custard. The sauce must not be allowed to boil or it might curd.

HOW TO BOIL "GREENS.—Wash well, pick over carefully and tie up the greens in little bundles. Steam, or boil until soft, then drain well by the side of the fire. Dish it on nicely fried croûtons, one to each little bundle, and serve with either plain oiled butter or a French salad dressing of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper handed round with it. Another way is to boil them, drain them and then rub through a sieve; put them in a pan with a piece of butter, adding gradually a little milk, cream or stock; season to taste with white pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Heat well and serve.

THE SITUATION EXPLAINED BY EXPERTS.

IF you go to Philadelphia by the great Pennsylvania Railroad, about the first sight that will greet your eye is a monster five-story structure on the Schuykill, at Arch and Twenty-third Streets. It covers a whole block. A private railroad siding runs into the building. All around about it are evidences of "some big business done in there"; and the signs along the sides of the plant tell you it is the National Typewriter Company.

That busy scene—the locomotive drawing out the loaded cars on one side of the building and groaning trucks entering under the archway at the end, fronting on the other street—that scene means that the National Typewriter Company has large orders ahead in all parts of the world, good times or bad, rain or shine or panic or boom; and is trying to catch up with them.

The National claims a peculiar and special business merit—that it is the best writing machine in the world, irrespective of price; not, for the money, or considering, etc., or for this or that purpose of busy business; but the best in the world, without *if* or *and* or mental reservation or "let us explain."

The claim is a big one, but—well, look at the factory, the sizzling locomotive and the groaning trucks. There must be foundation for that claim. Anyhow, the claim inspires confidence. What is perhaps a strengthener of the "situation" here in evidence at Arch and Twenty-third, is this: Experts have said the National is justified in its claim. An expert myself, I must say—though it is not my usual custom—that I agree with my confreres in this instance.

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WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

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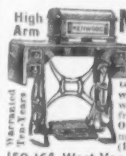

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